The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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PROSPECTUS

Of the fifth volume of the New-York Constellation:
MUCH ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The publishers respectfully announce to the public that, having secured the editorial services of Mr. WILLIAM T. PORTER, the projector and Editor of the 'Spirit of the Times,' and more recently Editor of 'The New-Yorker,' they will issue, on the 14th of September next, the first number of the Fifth Volume of the CONSTELLATION, on an enlarged sheet, and in a new and more beautiful dress. Having procured fonts of the most tasteful and elegant type, and superior paper of extra-imperial size, on which to execute the work, they trust the programme of their paper herewith submitted will elicit the same cordial approbation as has heretofore inspirited their endeavors to minister to the gratification of their friends and the public.

THE NEW-YORK CONSTELLATION—VOL. V.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
At No. 205 Broadway, New-York.

PROGRAMME.—The Constellation will be devoted to Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, News of the Day, Fashionable and Sporting Intelligence, the Drama, Public Amusements, and the Fun, Frolic and Fashion of Old Gotham—in a word, all the Odds and Ends, Whims and Conceits, 'itemized' and condensed, which conspire to render a paper truly agreeable and worthy of universal patronage.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.—The Constellation will contain a general synopsis of the Literary Intelligence of the day; Reviews of all works of general interest, (with extracts from the most invating); Tales, Essays, Poetry, &c. &c. original and selected, with a general selection from the English Magazines and other works of talent, thus forming a complete Spirit of the Foreign Periodicals. As an evidence of their advantages for this undertaking, the Publishers would remark that they are now in the receipt by the earliest packets of the following sterling Periodicals:—Blackwood's Magazine, The Metropolitan, The New Monthly, Fraser's, The Gentlemen's, The Ladies', The Edinburgh, and the Mechanics'; also the United Service Journal, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, the Athenæum, Spectator, Literary Gazette, &c. &c.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT.—Under appropriate devices, the reader will find entertaining details and anecdotes of the Sports of the Turf, the Chase, and the Forest, while Angling, Sailing, and other exhilarating amusements will not be forgotten. In fine, nothing shall be omitted that could impart raciness to this department, or prove instructive and entertaining to the liberal and high-minded Sportsman. With the advantages we enjoy, we trust we cannot fail to give a spirit and a life to our sheet that shall effectually "smooth the wrinkles from the brow of care," and give a keener zest even to the enjoyment of pleasure, thus making the Constellation second to no other in the country.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTMENT.—Talk about Town, On Dits in the Fashionable Circles of the Atlantic Cities, &c. will form, we trust, a novel and favorite feature in the plan of the Constellation. Reports of the latest European Fashions, with judicious selections from the best periodicals in this department, such as the Court Journal, La Belle Assemblee, Le Courrier des Dames, The World of Fashion, The Gentlemen's Magazine of Fashion, The Ladies' do., &c. &c. will be found in our columns immediately on their arrival.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.—The Drama has been and is our delight, and will be noticed with strict impartiality and justice; our Museums, Gardens, and public resorts generally will receive no inconsiderable share of attention, while a summary of Foreign and Domestic News of interest, and, in fact, every thing worthy of notice, will always find room in our columns.

Entertaining these views, and trusting to the good sense and liberality of the public to sustain us, we commit our project into their hands—pledging ourselves that nothing shall be wanting on our part to render the Constellation worthy of that patronage which an enlightened community ever awards to the meritorious.

SWINBORNE, ROGERS & CO.

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New-York, August 28, 1833.

MISCELLANY.

THY NAME.

Thy name! that long has been to me
A charm no time could yet destroy,
The last fond dream of memory,
Sole relic of departed joy;

In spite of tears, of vain regret,
An exile from my heart must be,—
For I must study to forget
All that can wake a thought of thee!

I dare not, in the secret night,
When all is hush'd but sorrow's sigh,
Recall past visions of delight,
And breathe that name's soft melody!

'Tis long since this lax, ling'ring pleasure
Was all I dared to call my own;
Yet still I watch'd the sacred treasure,
And lived upon a thought alone.

'Tis ended now—what most I cherish,
Torn from my withering heart shall be;
All that has life was born to perish,—
Adieu to hope—thy name—and thee!

L. S. Costello.

PROPER RESENTMENT.—Farmer Tidd and farmer Gruff were near neighbours. The former was a kind hearted, even-tempered old codger, and all his affairs went on smoothly. The latter, as his name indicates, was possessed of an irascible disposition, and often attempted to wrangle with his worthy neighbor. One day Tidd's cow got into Gruff's corn field, Gruff procured a large cudgel, and went into his enclosure and gave her a severe pounding. Poor old Brummie leapt the bars, shaking her head and making a wonderful display of legs and tail. Thinking one *pounding* insufficient to atone for her offence, Gruff drove her to pinfold, and left her in confinement to ruminate on her pitiable condition. Having satiated his vengeance on the poor animal, he went to discharge a volley at her owner. "Neighbor Tidd," said he in a great rage; "I caught your cow in my corn field this morning, and I gave her a good drubbing, and then drove her to the pound; and I'll do it again if I catch her there any more, so you'd better take care of her." The other replied very calmly, "Friend Gruff, I found two of your cattle in my garden the other day, and they had destroyed half of my garden sauce; I turned them out, drove them home to your barn-yard, and put up the fence, and fastened them in as they should be; and if ever I find them there again, I shall do the same, so you'd better take care of them." Gruff's obduracy was softened, he released old brummie, paid the poundage, and ever after became a better neighbor.—*Poulson's Adv.*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A broker in this city, considerably distinguished for eccentricity and a love of litigation, and possessed withal of a good deal of shrewdness and a splendid gold watch with ponderous chain and seals, having a claim against a slippery customer which he was anxious to collect, among other expedients adopted the following: Understanding that his debtor was in the habit of driving a horse and buggy, which he no doubt owned, but from circumstances dare not acknowledge, the broker in a friendly and insinuating manner applied to him for the loan of it during an afternoon last week to take an airing. This was readily assented to, and the horse harnessed for the occasion, with which the broker drove off. Having thus got the possession he refused to deliver the horse and buggy until coerced by an action at law, which he well knew his debtor dare not commence, as that would at once be recognizing his right of ownership, and taking them to his stable insisted upon holding them until his claim was adjusted.

The debtor, making a virtue of necessity, dissembled his mortification and resentment at the trick which had been played him, until an evening or two since, when he fell in with the broker in the neighbourhood of the Bowery Theatre. Having engaged him in an agreeable chit-chat, in the course of which he successfully made the impression upon his mind that the affair would be satisfactorily adjusted on the following morning; he shook hands with him with the greatest apparent friendship and good-humour, and was about to part with him for the night; but, as if suddenly adverting to the hour at which he was to meet him by appointment in the morning, he enquired how late it was. The broker thrown off his guard by the self-satisfaction which he felt at the success of his scheme and its anticipated happy termination, thoughtlessly drew out his watch, and confided it to his debtor to ascertain the hour, which he no sooner got hold of than he deliberately transferred it to his own pocket, and walked off, leaving the broker petrified with amazement at this sudden and unexpected interruption of his well-laid scheme; for the debtor informed him, that he intended to retain the watch as an offset for his horse and buggy.

Exasperated and incensed, the broker yesterday presented himself at the police office with his counsel, and made application to the magistrates for a warrant to apprehend the debtor upon a charge of stealing, but the whole circumstances being detailed, the application was refused, and the party referred to his remedy by civil action. This was represented to be at best but a hopeless affair, as the debtor had no substance out of which to respond to any judgment that might be recovered against him, and as matters now stand the broker has the worst of the bargain, for he estimates his watch and establishment at $150, whereas the horse and buggy are at most not worth half the money.—*Cour. & Enq.*

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT KING OF ENGLAND.—A friend communicated the following anecdote which he had from the mouth of a gentleman who was knowing of the circumstance.

The Prince, when in Boston several years ago, called at a barber's shop to get shaved. After the operation he took the liberty to kiss the barber's pretty wife, stating to her, you can now say that you have been kissed by one of royal blood. Upon which the barber seized him by the collar, pushed him to the door, then gave him a hearty kick in the rear, telling him that he could now say that he had a royal kick, from one of republican blood.—*Middletown Sentinel.*

ABSTEMIOUSNESS.—A correspondent informs us that a young man residing in Hadley, who is preparing for College, has subsisted for ten weeks without eating any other substance than fruit. He has a notion that it is sinful, and consequently after the season of his favorite food has passed away, he must live on air, cobwebs, and *sich* things. All his bones and muscles and sinews stick by him yet, but he has little flesh left to bind them together.—*Northampton Cour.*

IMPOSITION.—A gentleman who arrived here with his family night before last, in the steamboat Superior, from New Haven, engaged a Hack to convey them with their baggage to the corner of Broadway and Wall street. Having arrived at their place of destination, the driver demanded three dollars as his fare, and insisted that until his demand was complied with, he would retain one of the gentleman's trunks. The sum demanded exceeding by far what he was legally entitled to, the gentleman determined not to submit to the imposition, and although intending to proceed up the river on the following morning, in the Albany line of boats, he concluded to delay his departure for the purpose of having him punished, and therefore submitted to his carrying off the trunk. Having taken the number of the carriage, a representation of the facts were submitted yesterday morning to Alderman Cebra, the Deputy Mayor, who immediately despatched an officer for the driver, as well as the owner of the carriage, who on coming before him were required to account for the trunk. This was produced by the driver, who, it appears, becoming alarmed at his probable rashness in carrying it off, had left it for safety in the watch house. The fact of the attempted extortion being fully and clearly established against him, the owner's license was required to be given up and suspended, until the gentleman was fully remunerated for the expenses incurred by his detention in this city, and a positive refusal under any circumstances to give a license to the driver. The owner promptly embraced an opportunity to settle with the complainant, and, so far as he was concerned, the affair was settled. The villainous driver, however, who was in reality the offender, will not soon be afforded another opportunity to practise his imposition upon strangers.—*Cour. and Enq.*

LAUGHTER.—Among the many delights of human existence, we much doubt whether there is any one which really contributes more to our enjoyment than that which results from a free exercise of the risible muscles. It is almost coeval with our birth, and is ever close at hand to cheer us. But what greatly adds to its value is the power it has of radiation.

If we were to speak of it analytically, might we not say that it was an infinitely subtle fluid, pervading, not indeed all bodies, but all hearts, constantly tending to an equilibrium; a heart that is *plus* always imparting it to one that is *minus*. What stoic could possibly resist the influence of such a laugh as has been frequently got up by a Liston and a Mathews, who have often been so much overcharged with the risible fluid, as to convulse crowded audiences of all temperaments and denominations.

But it requires not the talent possessed by these adepts of the comic art, to promote the circulation of this joy inspiring fluid; a mouse on a bell rope has set a village congregation in a titter—Deacon Jones's periwig getting askew, or brother Jenkin's hat put on awry, has unsettled a meeting for a whole morning; this delicious draft being made at all times so near to the top of the cup, that it is ever ready to overrun, and impart the most thrilling sensations to all within its influence. Nay it very often, as is said of morning dreams, goes by contraries—a wag is almost always sure to succeed in story telling, if his manner be droll, by forbidding his audience to laugh—but what is still more extraordinary is, that whereas almost all the rest of our gratifications require some preparation; so bountifully are we provided with laughter, that it bursts forth when we really desire to suppress it. Thus if we see a person fall in the street, when the weather is slippery, it is with difficulty we refrain, although it may be to the injury of a dear friend. Now all this we think fully proves the position with which we started, namely, that laughter imparts more real gratification, than almost any one property given to us; and yet from its being so universally predominant, we do not sufficiently prize it.

It is of all others the most republican quality we possess; for none laugh more heartily, nor enjoy it more, than the unsophisticated children of nature. How often, in the pit and gallery of the theatre, does the old dame predominate, and some joyous heart peal forth, to the great amusement of the more educated portion, who have been taught to suppress, to a certain extent, this rustic mode of doing homage to the wit and humor which open the sluices of the heart, and cause it to pour forth its ebullitions of delight.

As the weather is now getting cooler, we recommend to our readers to cultivate the cheerful spirit of mirth and jollification, than which there are no greater promoters of health and good fellowship.—*Mercantile Advertiser.*

Mr. *Cooper*, the novelist, engaged passage for himself and his family, in the packet ship Erie, which was to sail from Havre for New York, on the 1st inst. His new novel the Headsman, of which the scene is in Switzerland, has been put to press here by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—*Courier.*

Depreciation of property.—The Chelmsford Iron Foundry which cost, it is said, the sum of $90,000 and was lately appraised on the settlement of the estate of its owner at $53,000, has just been sold at auction and brought only $30,000. The friends of a protective tariff ascribe this decline in value to the changes made in this policy.

GREAT BRITAIN IN 1833.

By Baron D'Haussez, ex-Minister of Charles X.

One of the London papers supplies the following notices and extracts:

"Nothing can be more interesting in perusal than the remarks of an educated, intelligent, enlightened foreigner, upon our own manners, customs, laws, national character, &c. Nor is the interest thus excited of an unprofitable stamp. On the contrary, we are frequently led, by the observations of the candid and liberal visitor—occasionally even by those of the cynical satirist—to the discovery, and consequently to the cure of faults and failings by which we were not previously aware of being distinguished. Works from writers of both the classes attended to have come before us within the last year or two;—the German Prince, Mirabeau, Count Pecchio, Mr. Rush, and some others whose names we cannot at the moment recall; and to these we have now the pleasure of adding the volumes of Baron D'Haussez, Ex-Minister of Marine to Charles X. This nobleman we have no hesitation in ranking with the educated, intelligent and enlightened, the candid and the liberal. The writer and his opinions are equally entitled to respect. It is not, however, our present intention to enter into a formal review of the Baron's work; in fact, it is not yet published—it is not yet before us in an entire state; but we are enabled to offer a series of excerpts, such as, beyond any comment that we might deem it necessary to make, will assist the reader in forming his own estimate of its merit.

We have the Baron's first impressions on his arrival in England; but these we shall pass over, and plunge at once *in medias res*.

In his dinners—in his dinings out—the Baron must have been more than usually unfortunate; or, with all the preference to which the French *cuisine* is justly entitled, he would not have said that our 'fish is always boiled,' or that only the 'toughest part' of our far-famed roast beef is served round. His views of English drawing-rooms, English balls, English concerts, &c., are more just than flattering to our self-love. His

EVENING AT VAUXHALL.

is quite graphic:—

Vauxhall is the most celebrated garden in England for evening amusements, yet the *divertissements* exhibit little variety. A noisy orchestra, musicians in grotesque dresses, grimace-makers, optical illusions; porter, fowl, and salad; brilliant illuminations, and sometimes ingenious fire-works; these are the attractions which Vauxhall holds forth. When one has walked here till one is completely tired, eaten to perfect satiety, and drunk in proportion, one returns home with the gravity of demeanour of monks quitting their chapels to repair to their cells.

The two classes of society which, in Paris, give *eclat* and *piquancy* to these meetings are wanting in London. The '*beau monde*' disdains them, and the *bourgeoisie* cannot frequent them on account of the expense. Add to that, the Sunday in England not being devoted to those diversions to which a part of that day is devoted in other countries, the English *bourgeoisie* would be obliged to give to Vauxhall the time required either for labour or repose. Besides, it would be necessary to dress better on these occasions than the English tradesman is accustomed to do on a week day.

Nothing, therefore, is more *triste* than the long corridors of Vauxhall, notwithstanding the thousands of small lamps with which they are lighted, and the hundreds of tables, on each of which a cold fowl is placed to tempt the ever ready appetite of the visitors. Neither the singers, who make themselves hoarse by dint of bawling, from the balustrade of a Chinese temple, for a public that hears them not; nor the ventriloquists; nor the imitators of birds and beasts; nor mills turned by a cascade in this corner, nor a transparency in that, can give to these gardens a passing interest. In leaving them, one asks, why one went thither? And one is surprised that nothing has been reaped from the journey, but a lighter pocket and heavier limbs, together with a plentiful crop of *ennui* and yawns, the heralds of a needed sleep, to which the visitant is about to surrender himself.

[Here is a thought which has frequently occurred to us respecting]

BRIGHTON.

What would become of it, if that Fashion, which has favoured its developement, should take it into her head to bestow her capricious favours elsewhere, and create another city; or, if the population which comes there to dissipate its *ennui*, should discover that a country without trees, a sea without ships, a shore without a harbour, a town without public institutions, without public walks, without any other means of diversion than perpetual motion—in a word, a place created God knows why,—what, I say, if the population which comes thither, should at length discover that Brighton offers few resources for killing time, and that there are a host of other towns where the hours would hang less heavily; a complete desertion of Brighton might then be predicted. Its houses, unsustained by trade or industry, would fall into their ancient poverty; the momentary interruption of which would be evidenced by ruins of brick, and by the grass which would spring up among the stones in its deserted streets.

PICTURE OF OTHER WATERING PLACES.

They contain a moving population, not so numerous, so titled, or so wealthy as Brighton, but as much tormented by idleness, and as little capable of creating amusement for themselves, as the inhabitants of the rival towns. You may there see families pacing silently up and down the same walks, without accosting, without even saluting other families quite as *ennuyees* as themselves. There also you may perceive ladies seated in the balconies with book in hand, while their husbands behind them raise above their heads their telescopes, with which they follow the vessels that pass within view of the shore. There also may be perceived nurses and governesses superintending the children committed to their care, but in the countenances of all and each is imprinted an air of lassitude and weariness which no one seeks to dissemble. Those gay reunions to be seen in France are not known in England. In France the very sound of a violin is sufficient, at places of summer resort, to get up a ball in the middle of a wood or the corner of a meadow; and the flagging interest is in turn excited by cards, by readings, by shows, scenes of plays, walks in picturesque sites, or by conversation, for which food is found in the most frivolous anecdote, as well as in the knottiest political discussion. At Dieppo, at Plombieres, in the Alps, in the Pyrenees, people amuse themselves; at the English watering-places people bathe, eat and drink, walk and sleep, and when *ennui* becomes insufferably heavy, go elsewhere in the hope of dissipating their disorder on the road; but it nevertheless generally happens, that they carry their distemper home with them.

COMFORT.

Among the wealthy English *comfort* means great luxury and an expensive establishment. In the middle classes, *comfort* means a heavy, well-stuffed arm chair, in which the master of the house goes to sleep after dinner. You think I jest: no, verily! it is the exact truth. Independently of this chair, there is nothing which justifies the idea of general comfort which the word would seem to indicate. A dinner of boiled fish, and of plain vegetables destined to be mixed by way of sauce with all one eats—a piece of roast beef cut from the hardest and most tasteless part of the carcass; in place of napkins, a corner of the table-cloth; in lieu of dessert, nuts, cheese, and raisins; chairs with rush bottoms, sometimes covered with a cushion, which the least movement causes to fall to the ground; immense four-post beds, with feather bed, beneath which is a paillasse, so arranged as to produce the effect of an ill-joined table; no clocks; and in each room a coal-fire, whose dust and smoke soil every thing; grooved window-shutters, windows with running Venetian blinds and sometimes ill-draped calico curtains of a dark pattern: these are some of the English comforts, of which the natives of Albion are so boastful. But on the other hand it must be admitted, that great neatness and cleanliness are observable as well in the apartments as in the furniture. Amongst the lower classes the word *comfort* is never uttered.

[Here is a picture, in the contemplation of which the Englishman glories:]—

SOCIAL RELATIONS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The position which the Princes of the Blood Royal occupy, is one of those customs of high society which most confounds the ideas of a Frenchman. You see them in a drawing room unattended with any greater mark of respect than that which is bestowed on other personages of elevated rank. They are invited to dinners and *soirees* like private gentlemen. They mix, talk, and discuss with every individual in the room without exception. The dignity which should be inseparable from their rank, never interposes a barrier between them and any individual who is carried too far by the heat of argument. In these conflicts they are victorious or vanquished, as they are right or wrong, or have more or less talent or address. The politeness of their adversary spares them none of the chagrin of a defeat. There are great advantages, and as notable disadvantages, attached to this state of things. By this continual contact, the Princes acquire a more profound knowledge of the wants, of the resources, of the manners of society, of the character and capacity of its members; but this knowledge is reciprocal, and exposes them to rigorous judgments; and it can only be obtained by sacrificing the *prestige* so necessarily attached to the situation and person of Princes, but which, nevertheless, so suddenly disappears when they have to undergo the sort of ordeal to which the scions of the Blood Royal expose themselves in England. It is not only in the *salons* of the higher classes that the Princes are to be met with. You meet them in clubs, to the customs of which they conform without the least exception. They are also to be seen at political meetings, where they accept the President's chair, or the less elevated functions accorded to them by the capricious suffrages of the members. At charitable meetings, or those having for object some question of public utility, they rival in philanthropy those who lay claim to that species of reputation, without any increase of esteem, affection, or popularity as their reward for such a departure from the *convenances* of royalty. Nor do they preserve that dignity which might, to a certain degree, be mingled with such habits. They live, think, and act, in a manner which does not permit them to sustain it. They embrace political opinions with the zeal of partisans, and, in place of directing and controlling the opinions they profess, they follow in the train, and are almost at the command of those leaders who are the *Coryphaei* of the party, and are only distinguished by their extreme opinions.

The English Princes display little ostentation in their habits of life, or in their domestic economy.—Their general mode of paying a compliment to those they like, is to ask a dinner of them, a species of civility which causes no more expense to those who are the objects of it than if it proceeded from one of their equals; it is but a dish or two added to the family dinner. The political discussion which follows the repast partakes of it usual frankness and absence from restraint. The opinion of the Prince is often unceremoniously contestd, nor does his Royal Highness take offence at this reedom of debate.

[On our station in painting, as a branch of the fine arts, the Baron is very severe. 'Sculpture, encouraged by a more positive patronage, and the demands for the numerous public edifices, and confined within a narrower range than painting is cultivated in England with tolerable success.' To the excellency of our engraving, he gives unqualified praise.]

ARCHITECTURE.

In classifying the relative degree of imperfection of the fine arts in England, architecture should be placed still lower than painting. It is almost reduced to the routine of heaping brik upon brick, without farther order or symmetry than that necessary to create openings for doors and windows. If a house should be too small, another is built at the side of it out of harmony with the first. English architects do not hesitate to place a beam on an arch, a small window by the side of a wide door, or a chimney at the angle of a building. Do they wish for ornaments? they can only find columns; they do not trouble themselves either with their proportions or their props.—Their height is determined by the elevation of the edifice. They are placed on a cornice or on a balcony, with as little motive as there would be for placing them underneath: they are indifferently employed in ornamenting a shop, a palace, or a cottage.

Nor can even the praise of imitaion be accorded to English architecture. Witness the triumphal arch of the Green Park, and that of the palace destined to become the royal residence—a bold defiance of bad taste. One is tempted to ask, where the English can have conceived the idea of St. Paul's, when one sees so many ridiculous edifices heaped round this *chef-d'œuvre*.

CHURCHES.

Far inferior, no doubt, to St. Paul's, but still in an honourable rank, may be placed a crowd of modern churches; some in the Grecian style; others, more especially, in the Gothic. These constructions would do honour to a nation more advanced in the arts than the English. Elegance and justness of proportions—elaborate execution—a design in harmony with the sacred character of the edifice—beauty of situation, are all united in these modern edifices. In the squares of London, as in the picturesque sites of Sussex, amongst the stately trees of Yorkshire, the traveller halts with pleasure before those noble edifices, which he is surprised to meet in a country having so little to boast of in the way of architecture. He is tempted to ask himself if these structures and the surrounding houses have been the work of the same architects, and if recourse had not been had to foreigners to raise temples to the Divinity.

MUSIC.

The art of music, like that of painting, is appreciated more by the expense which it involves, than by the real enjoyments it affords. Cultivated with little success by the English, it is scarcely followed as a profession, unless by foreigners, the more dearly paid because they seek to find in the money which they gain, not only a recompense for their talent, but a compensation for the little interest which it inspires.

If English voices afford little gratification, English ears are not over nice: the one are made for the other; and if, which never happens, the sounds of a sharp voice should distinctly strike the tympanum of an attentive auditory, it would not be affected in a disagreeable manner. By a habit of which people are not aware, and which can only originate in the little pleasure caused by music too often unworthy of attention, people do not listen; and hence it is that an English concert is but a noise of instruments which mingles itself with the noise of conversations, rendered more deafening by the necessity which the talkers lie under of making their voices prevail over those of the singers.

When this *charivari* has lasted the prescribed time, an end is put to it; the artists are dismissed after having been well paid.

CLERGY.

If a comparison were instituded between the French and English clergy; if the austere forms of the one—their self-sacrifice—their abnegation of family affection—their inexhaustable charity—if the privations which they impose on themselves to satisfy such claims—if their unfurnished houses, their humble costume, their rigid practice of the severities of religion, were to be contrasted with the easy and comfortable lives of the English clergy—with their anxiety for the present and future happiness of their families and friends—their expenditure in matters not in harmony with their sacred functions—the *recherche* of their furniture, of their dress, and of their equipages—Reason, which would pronounce an impartial decree, and range on the one side a true virtue regardless of sacrifices, and which errs only by a want of tact in the use of means; and on the other a sort of mundane virtue, which has found an easy way to reconcile a grave calling with manners neither grave nor serious enough for the clerical state, would declare a preference of the humble clergy of the Catholic Church, over the rich and sumptuous pastors of the Protestant Establishment.

MILL-OWNERS, FACTORY CHILDREN, AND WEST INDIA NEGROES.

These very task-masters, so hard, so pitiless towards their own species, towards men born in the same land, of the same race, united by the same language, and by a common religion, these very men find tears and eloquent phrases for the West India negroes! The money they refuse to a misery on the excess of which they speculate, they lavish on a cause which affords them an opportunity of making a parade of their philanthropic sentiments, without damaging their personal interests. Their ears, deaf to the cries of the unfortunate beings kept awake by the stick of the overseer, are open to the sound produced on their imagination by the fancied cracking of the Jamaica whip. * * * * *

Are the blacks made to labour twenty-eight hours out of thirty-six? Are their children snatched from them to be subjected to fatigue beyond their strength? Have they not some hours each day, and two days in the week, to give to a species of labour which is profitable to them, to a repose which refreshes them, to an idleness which indemnifies them for their excessive toil? Let the proprietors of English factories procure similar advantages for their workmen, and people may then be inclined to believe in the sincerity of their hypocritical pity for the condition of beings, whose lot is, without doubt, not to be envied, but whose position is not so wretched as that of the classes they oppress.

A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.

Sir Walter Scott had laid aside his literary vizor many years before my visit to Edinburgh. He resided, at the latter period, at Abbotsford, a country-seat about thirty-six miles distant from the capital. Having been informed of the anxious desire I had often expressed to make the Baronet's acquaintance, he was good enough to address me a polite invitation to come and visit him. M—— de B—— accompanied me. The road to Abbotsford, which it took us seven hours to reach, passes through a mountainous country wholly devoid of picturesque appearance; cultivated, it is true, but yet without habitations. This road lies at the foot of a valley of monotonous aspect. Within four miles of Abbotsford, Melrose is visible: it is a small town washed by a river, the stream of which is rendered available for manufacturing purposes. Two miles farther on, you cross the Tweed, and arrive by a rapid descent at a *chateau* of Gothic architecture, situated at the foot of a high hill. Recent plantations increase the beauty of an extensive park. On the opposite side the view, somewhat impeded by mountains, looks on a *prairie*, at the extremity of which flows the Tweed, her tranquil waters embellishing, without animating the landscape.

It is from the court-yard alone that one has a full view of Abbotsford, and can form an idea of the *bizarrerie* of its architecture. Sir Walter Scott—who has drawn on the middle ages for his subjects—as his characters, seems also to have recurred [illegible] epoch for the style of an architecture which [illegible] adopted with all its originality, and with all its [illegible] even to its minutest absurdities. That irreg[illegible] which is the reproach of the chateaus of the e[illegible] century, exists at Abbotsford in a most rem[illegible] degree. The architect must have combined m[illegible] whims of fancy or memory to vary, as he has d[illegible] form and the dimensions of the windows, and [illegible] many parts of the *facades* of the building w[illegible] most incongruous ornaments, in order to ren[illegible] whole an unique specimen of the confusio[illegible] order.

A peristyle, attached to the house, conducts [illegible] a large room, in which are ranged arms and a[illegible] of all ages and countries, as well as other va[illegible] jects of curiosity. To the left is a narrow hall, [illegible] you pass into the dining room, which comm[illegible] with the drawing-room. At the end of the d[illegible] room is an apartment of spacious dimensions, [illegible] priated to a library, filled with rare and [illegible] works, tastefully bound in the Gothic style. [illegible] end of the library is a door, which communicat[illegible] Sir Walter's study. A dark narrow staircas[illegible] high steps, leads you to the first story, on wh[illegible] many small rooms; you are conducted to them [illegible] narrow corridor, in which two persons canno[illegible] abreast.

The furniture of this singular mansion is in [illegible] keeping with its architecture. The greater [illegible] of historical origin; and the original destina[illegible] many articles is marked on brass plates, whic[illegible] been engraved for the purpose. In order to [illegible] correct idea of the richness and variety of this [illegible] tion, it should be known that all men of ran[illegible] fortune in the three kingdoms contributed to f[illegible] the house with many curious articles in their p[illegible] sion; and that Abbotsford has thus become a [illegible] museum, uniting in itself all that the countr[illegible] n[illegible] the feudal system has prevailed the longest, coul[illegible] ply of most value in that character.

As we were about to alight from our carriag[illegible] saw approaching us, as quickly as a halt would p[illegible] him, a gentleman, supporting himself on a can[illegible] parently from fifty-five to sixty years of age; [illegible] set, of middle stature, of a pleasing rather tha[illegible] pressive countenance. Some grey hairs mingle[illegible] the fold of perfectly white locks which fell carles[illegible] his shoulders. His eyes were blue, small, and a[illegible] ently without expression. His nose was deepi[illegible] thickly set, and his cheeks full and fleshy! Ther[illegible] altogether a sickly air about his person, but pa[illegible] larly in the expression of his head. At any [illegible] place than Abbotsford, we could never have susp[illegible] him to be the man, the fame of whose celebrity [illegible] spread over the literary world. Such was Sir W[illegible] Scott.

He received us with unostentatious hospitality, [illegible] penurious in words, but prodigal in kindness. [illegible] few moments we were welcomed, lodged, and [illegible] acquainted with the customs of the house. Our [illegible] excused himself for his inability to converse wit[illegible]

in French, which he understood, but could not speak. Our superficial knowledge of the English language made us regret exceedingly this circumstance; which, in a measure, prevented us from judging, as we ought, a mind which we came purposely to study.

We entered the drawing-room, preceded by two immense grey-hounds and two Scotch terriers, the constant companions of the Baronet. We were presented to Miss Scott, then to three or four neighbors, and lastly to some members of the family, who, together, composed the party then staying at Abbotsford. At this interview Miss Scott, who, though her mother was a Frenchwoman, does not speak our language, evinced no inclination to contribute, even in her own, to a conversation which her father strove to keep up by common-place remarks. After a little we broke ground on a subject which we conceived most likely to be agreeable to our host, by rendering the homage of our praise to his varied works, and by leading the conversation to those particular productions of his pen which are connected with the history and romance of the middle ages. Our efforts were vain. The remarks which we made could not animate our host; and the brevity of his replies caused the conversation to flag.

Sir Walter conducted us to the apartments destined for our use. I sat down in an arm-chair embroidered by Mary Stuart, opposite a portrait of Henry Darnley; on a table which had belonged to the Earl of Essex, was placed a small mirror which had reflected the features of Anne Boleyn. This furniture recalled ideas to my mind which I in vain tried to suppress. Proscribed, and under sentence of an inexorable tribunal, at the very moment I was looking at these objects, it is not wonderful that a certain similitude of misfortune should have visibly affected me. Nothing contributes more than exile to the developement of sentiments of pity and sympathy.

On entering the drawing-room, I found Miss Scott in a most elegant dress, which appeared to have exercised a very favourable influence on her manners towards the company. From that moment her deportment was graceful in the highest degree. She is remarkably handsome, though she had not made that impression upon us in the morning, owing to the pelisse in which she was wrapped up, and the large straw bonnet which concealed her well formed features and her animated black eyes.

The dinner was served upon silver, in the English style. When the cloth was removed the ladies retired. The gentlemen remained a full hour later, but the conversation produced no brilliant sally on the part of our host.

On our return to the drawing room we found the library-door thrown open, which, aided by the lights suspended from the ceiling, enabled us to judge of the extent and fine proportions of this apartment.—M. de B—— sat himself down in the library with Sir Walter, whom he was desirous of bringing to the topic of politics, on which in Scotland he was, as well as in literature, a high authority. During the conversation, which was long, and carried on in the language of the respective speakers, I was engaged with Miss Scott and the persons who surrounded her. In spite of, perhaps because of, the difficulty we found in the interchange of our ideas, midnight had arrived before we perceived its approach.

I was up at eight o'clock the next morning, and was taking a survey of the grounds. Sir Walter joined me; gave me, with the utmost complaisance, all the explanations which I desired, and proposed that we should take a detailed view of his library. It was in this conversation that I was enabled to judge of the character of his mind, and satisfied myself that his imagination could not completely shine forth without the aid of his pen. Sparing of observations, he doled out his words succinctly, and in a homely fashion. He seemed generally to want those extensive views which I had supposed him to possess. The observer who had so happily seized the characters of Louis the Eleventh, of Elizabeth, of Mary Stuart, of James the First, as well as the customs and manners of the principal personages of his novels, appeared to have exhausted all his thoughts in his works, and to have left his memory a complete void.

THE ORIGINAL.

(Continued.)

During this scene, Angelica was disconsolately seated at the window of the room in which she was confined. She had seen her lover admitted to the house, and her heart beat high with hope. She reflected on his engaging manners, and affection taught her to think that even her stern unfeeling father would not be insensible to them. 'Besides,' thought she, 'my papa, I know, will think it compatible with prudence to comply with Alfred's wishes, as he will then get rid of one whom he is continually reminding of her faults. O yes!—It is impossible to be otherwise, and fortune still has happiness in store for us!' All hail, ye little sophistries of love that can thus staunch a bleeding heart; and whose alchemic powers can thus convert things which are not, into things that be!

Angelica was prevented from soliloquizing further by the entrance of Barnaby. She was surprised at the unusually respectful and affectionate manner in which he greeted her, and immediately conceived the hope of winning him over to her interests. With all a woman's quickness, she ruminated upon the best method of effecting her purpose, and at once decided that could she persuade him to fall in love, he would be as ductile in her hands as virgin gold. No sooner had she come to this conclusion, than she prepared to act upon it. 'Is that you, brother?' she asked, by way of commencement.

'It's supposed to be,' replied Barnaby, who seldom vouchsafed a decisive answer to any question.

'For this relief much thanks,' said Angelica, placing a chair for him by her side, 'and now tell me, Barnaby, what said my father to Ensign Thorner?'

'Thorner?—thorny—thorn in our sides,' ejaculated Barnaby.

'Fie, brother!—You keep me in an eternity of suspense.'

'Eternity!' reiterated the eccentric Barnaby; 'and, after all, what is eternity? '*A moment standing still.*' But, to relieve you, Alfred hath departed with ruined hopes——'

'Then his offer is rejected?' said Angelica, turning paler than before.

'It's supposed to be,' answered Barnaby, in a commiserating tone; 'Alfred was shy of the prudence, Dad was shy of the good humour, and so they shy'd each other.'

'Ah! Barnaby, had you but put in a word, 'twould have been otherwise,' said Angelica; 'but you know nothing of the tender passions; yet there might be some hope, could I induce you to turn Benedict.'

'Benedict!' interrupted Barnaby, starting from his seat, and upsetting a footstool which cocked up its four legs like a cat rolling on her back. 'Benedict! what, forsake my religion, and turn monk?' he added, with pious horror.

La! brother,' said his sister, 'you are (to borrow your favourite phrase) 'shy of the comprehension.'—Who could imagine that one, so versed in Shakspeare as yourself, should be ignorant that Benedict meant a husband?'

'O!' said young Mainchance, reseating himself. 'But 'every man's nose will not do for a shoe horn,' nor I for a married man.'

'True,' returned the young lady, 'you are too formal—too learned. Besides, I know you set our sex at nought, and consider us as mere trifles, of no greater value than one of the acorns on yonder oak.'

'Acorns!' said Barnaby, 'acorns! trees—ships—acquisition of territory! Are these trifles? But you are mistaken: no one admires your sex with more devotion than myself, for woman is a cordial for all diseases of the mind—she is a flower amid a world of thistles—a nymph amid a band of satyrs—in short she is the attic salt which seasons the dish of mortality.—Yet philosophy has still greater attractions. Not but that I love to speculate upon your natures as well as upon any other beautiful work of the Infinite, (I should be shy of the soul were it otherwise;) yet need the sage, who wishes to divine the qualities of the sea, overwhelm himself in its waves? Thus it is with many bachelors; they are calumniated for remaining single, when their sole reason is a wish not to subject any woman to the innumerable restraints, especially that of silence, ['O la!' exclaimed Angelica,] which it would be necessary to impose upon them for the sake of study.'

Angelica sighed as Barnaby concluded this, the longest speech she had ever heard him utter, and at once abandoned every hope of future happiness. Her brother surveyed in silence her grief-marked features, and his stolid countenance relaxed into an expression of sympathy; but it was so like the melancholy look of an ourang outang, that had Angelica been in the mood, she could have laughed outright. Indeed, it was Barnaby's misfortune always to seem most ridiculous, when he wished to appear most grave. He was aroused from the contemplative mood into which he had fallen, by Simon, who came to inform him that Mainchance had walked out, and left a message for Barnaby to meet him in the study at seven in the evening. Accordingly when that hour arrived, Barnaby once more proceeded to the lawyer's sanctum, where the old gentleman, and his tool Simon, were already waiting.

'Is a third party to be present?' asked Barnaby.

'Safe!—*you* know—*I* know—*we* know,' said Simon, significantly.

'Yes, yes, it's all right,' said Mainchance; 'and now to business. This discovery of young Thorner's, if he impart it to any being alive, will ruin us.'

'Entirely?' inquired Barnaby.

'Beyond redemption; for my schemes are so complex in construction, and so dependent on each other, that if one be ever so slightly damaged, it disarranges the whole machinery of the rest.'

'That,' said Barnaby, 'reminds me of an old nursery jingle—

'A twister of twist, twisted some twist;
And the twist that he twisted was three twisted twist;
If the twist that he twisted, should untwist *one* twist,
The twist that untwisted, would untwist the TWIST.'

'I wish you would twist your tongue into silence, and endeavour to assist me with your advice,' interrupted Mainchance. 'I say you! If the devil walked the earth, as in olden times, what an invaluable ally might be procured.'

'Ally!' said Barnaby. 'Contracts—fetters—dissolutions—'out of the frying pan into the fire.'

'Fire and furies! hold your tongue, once more, and hear me speak.'

'I am dumb,' said Barnaby. 'But first tell me, did I ever see old Davies—the man of whom you told my ear this morning?'

'Yes,' answered Mainchance. 'But you were too young to recollect him. That was his picture,' he added, pointing to the portrait of a stern looking man, suspended against the opposite wall. Barnaby looked towards it, but what was his astonishment on perceiving the lifeless eyes of the painting brighten into life, and then move. At the same time a hollow dismal sound was heard to proceed from underground, and, in another minute, a thick sulphurous smoke began to curl in volumes from every corner of the room.

'O! master—see—see!' shouted Simon, looking bewildered around.

'I smell a strong scent of sulphur,' cried Mainchance.

'Sulphur!—smoke—fire—the devil!' exclaimed Barnaby.

'We shall be damned!' roared Mainchance, in a convulsion of agony.

'Safe!' said Simon, sinking on his knees.

'Stand up for your master, you cowardly dog,' cried Mainchance, crouching behind him, and resting his chin upon his head.

'I will protect you,' said Barnaby, standing upright in the rear, so that the trio presented the appearance of a monster with three heads.

Meanwhile, the smoke gradually thickened, until not an article in the room was distinguishable: presently the vapour dispelled, or rather appeared to concentrate into a human shape, for as soon as objects became again visible, the sire, the son, and the servant, beheld a stranger of awful aspect standing in the centre of the room, and clothed in sable garments, which were fashioned in a style not more quaint than *outre*, nor more peculiar than terrific. The dress resembled a natural cover more than an artificial one, for it consisted of a series of scales, like the skin of a dragon, fitted closely to his shape; round his waist was coiled a large serpent, with a head shaped like a human skull; blue and green vipers were intermingled with his long black hair, and rendered more terrific a face, which wore the ghastly hue of a corpse. From his broad shoulders hung a short, round, red cloak; his legs terminated in two huge cloven feet, and, to render the *tout ensemble* more horrible, a light blue flame played over his whole person, which was, in consequence, doubly conspicuous, especially as the smoke had extinguished the candles, and thus deprived the room of all light, save that which proceeded from a lamp over the door, and the illuminated being we have just described. 'Here I am, at your service,' said he, very civilly.

'Now, if Jedekiah Mainchance held any religious tenets at all, they were those of Catholicism; he had, therefore, a very *saving* faith in the devil, (no extraordinary circumstance, by the bye, at a time when even the learned believed that his infernal majesty had lately been allowed to tamper with mankind,) and thinking that it was all over with him, he roared out for mercy, whilst Barnaby, with unquailing eye, stepped majestically forward, and solemnly exclaimed, 'Image of terror, whence comest thou? Art of heaven or of earth?'

'Neither—I come from the regions of eternal fire,' replied the stranger.

'The devil!' iterated Barnaby, recoiling.

'Don't mention it,' replied Sootikens.

Meanwhile, Simon fell with affright on his *face*; but Mainchance, pinching his ear, roared out for him to get up and fetch a Bible. No such book was, however, there; so Simon brought him a sheet of parchment, headed—'*The last Testament.*' Without any examination, the wily lawyer tucked this talisman under his arm, and hemming loudly in defiance, he boldly advanced until he was face to face with old Nick, and said, 'I say you, here's a strong smell of an intruder! D'ye catch the idea?'

'Don't mention it,' said Lucifer, composedly drawing a chair, and seating himself.

'Remarkably cool, upon my life,' said Jedekiah, imitating the movement.

'I find it warm,' said the other, glancing at his fiery vestments.

'Safe!' *he* knows,' chattered Simon.

Although Barnaby was a little superstitious—no infrequent inherent of strong minds—he was cautious of lending a belief to extraordinary events until he could be satisfied of their probability. Awe-stricken as he was, our 'Original,' therefore determined to probe his father's guest, ere he formed an opinion concerning him. With this view, he knit his huge brows, and said, 'Strange fellow, speak. Declare thy business—make known thyself—and be accurate in your manœuvres.'

Nick smiled. 'I forgot, he is the father of *lies*,' thought Barnaby.

'Speak, and say you are not Beelzebub, or I shall go into seven swoons, safe!' said Simon.

Nick looked grave.

'An' thou dost not speak thou wilt disturb mine equanimity,' added Barnaby, in a choleric tone.

'Speak, and be —— to you,' shouted Mainchance, in a passion.

'That now is an invocation which likes me. But you see that I anticipated the call, and am here.'

'Offer your services elsewhere, I can do without them,' said the old lawyer, uneasily.

'O! but you can't! *old Armstrong* is yet in being; he it was told young Thorner of your tricks—he it is who will shortly demand restitution at your hands—and he it is who——'

'It's the devil, sure enough,' croaked Mainchance, starting up, 'say, what are your wishes?'

'Rash man, forbear,' said Barnaby, standing undismayed between his father and the fiend; to whom turning, he said, 'First reveal yourself without equivocation, and then let *me* hear your proposals.'

The arch fiend, with a most gentlemanly inclination of his head, in answer to Barnaby, proceeded to give a full account of his birth, parentage, and education; together with a recapitulation of his most celebrated actions from Adam to Roger Bacon; and of the alphabet of names by which he was known, beginning with 'Auld Reikie,' and ending with 'Zamiel.'—'Having thus, I hope, convinced you of my identity,' he continued, grinning sardonically, 'I need not make any asseverations of my readiness to serve you. Remember, however unpleasant my appearance here may be, my good friend, the lawyer owes it to himself. Had his acts been upright, my wing dared not have hovered near, but being sunk in sin as well as in difficulties, he has made me both willing and able to assist him.'

Barnaby assented to this truth with a sigh, and turning sadly to his father, said—

''There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.'
* * * * *
'Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral from the devil himself.'

'Pause—reflect—consider.'

'I say you, always follow a conversation, leave older ones to lead it,' cried Jedekiah. 'Old Nick's a devilish fine fellow, and I'll give him employment. Leave me to outwit him in the end,' he added, in Barnaby's ear.

'Don't mention it,' said the devil, slyly winking, as much as to say, 'I heard you.' 'I must have conditions—inducements.'

'The bird won't come for whistling, you must throw crumbs to him,' said Barnaby to Mainchance.

'But I'm afraid—I don't approve of the conditions he would impose,' said Mainchance to Barnaby.

'Shy of the courage. 'The cat likes fish, but is afraid to wet her feet,'' said Barnaby to the devil.

'Pooh!' said the devil to Barnaby. 'What I shall propose will be in the balance but as dust.'

'Dust! clay—form—man! man!' reiterated Barnaby, pursuing his apostrophe further than he was wont—'life—intellect—A SOUL!'

'*The very thing I want,*' cried the Deuce.

'Safe!' said Simon.

'I admire at you,' cried Mainchance.

The matter was now discussed *pro* and *con*. Old Nick, in an easy, off-hand manner, threw the shuttle of argument from thread to thread of the discourse, until he had woven a tissue of sophistry sufficient to have entangled any common mind. But Barnaby watched warily, and heard heedfully, without being convinced that the sale of one's soul was a thing of small import; while his father followed with more art, but less tact, for he saw nothing to doubt, and attempted to acquire every advantage, without being obliged to pay the *ad valorem* duty. At length it was settled that the gentleman from below should show his ability to assist our lawyer, by devising an expedient for present help; that done, he was to name a price for future services, and in the event of its being refused, was at liberty to tender his proffers elsewhere.

'Here's a strong smell of an advantageous bargain,' aspirated Mainchance in his son's ear; 'for if he gives us but the skeleton of a plot now, I'll hang flesh upon it, so as to dispense with his further assistance.'

Barnaby liked not this inkling to outwit even the devil, so he held his peace, and turning to him of Hades, motioned him to proceed. Sootikins, after a moment's deliberation, suggested that when Thorner again visited the house, two keepers should be in readiness to bind him hand and foot, and convey him to a private receptacle for lunatics, from whence it would be impossible to escape, while a certain portion of his fortune was annually handed over to the proprietor of the establishment. 'I will keep human eyes from seeing the sight,' added Lucifer;' and moreover, will point out the means of improving upon these circumstances until unlimited wealth is at your command.'

'Humph!' said Mainchance; 'I didn't bargain for so bold a plot—though it's not devised amiss.'

'A *miss?* it's a *master*-piece,' said old cloven-foot, with some indignation.

'Likely. Dangerous, nevertheless,' responded Mainchance.

''Needs must when the *devil* drives,'' said Barnaby. 'But let us hear what your friend Simon saith to what Nicholas the elder hath propounded. He hath been silent, and may be wiser than we; for 'a still sow sucketh all the draught.''

'Safe! seven wise men couldn't have invented anything safer. *We* know,' said Simon, winking.

'Your advice stamps you fool as well as rogue,' shouted Barnaby, his philosophy quite o'erthrown. 'Father, by such contrivances, and such abettors hast thou been brought to thy present pass; but pause ere you essay it.'

'I have constructed a bridge to assist me over,' interrupted Mainchance, in a white heat.

'Fiddle-de-dee! The plank may break and souse you into the mire. Call to mind the silk-worm's epitaph—

''I perish by my silk, which ought to save,
And weave the very threads that form my grave.'"

The man who having lost his way discovers a quay on one side, and a quick-set hedge on the other; a snare before him, and all the dangers he has past behind, is not more completely non-plussed than was the little fat-headed lawyer, who now goggled affrighted on all parties, whilst his paunch actually dwindled with fear, and made him resemble a Yarmouth bloater in a consumption. At length he sputtered, 'I say, you Barnaby, prove the emergency of my danger, and I'll blow Old Nick to the Devil.'

'I'll wager my life thou wilt,' returned Barnaby.

'I take your bet. Down with the stake,' cried Sooty, looking as if he had said something clever.

'Stake?—gambling—the *die*—MY DEATH!' said Barnaby, 'I see my danger, and like the hunted hare, will double.'

'If you double, I'll quit,' observed [illegible], in a huff.

'*Double or quits* you don't,' cried his antagonist, suddenly seizing his throat; but the fiend shook him off as a boy would a buzz, and extended his pointed talons. Barnaby, in high dudgeon, dipped his hand into his pocket, on which Mainchance and Simon hastily retreated, in expectation of seeing a loaded pistol produced. Barnaby, however, drew forth something more harmless; something which might securely be *sneezed* at—a snuff-box.

'Safe!' muttered Simon, wiping his forehead.

'Safe!' echoed Barnaby—'Security—*heedlessness* [illegible]!' and he snuffed up a dose of rappee.

'Don't mention it. Try this,' said Nick in a breath, as he likewise drew forth a large snuff box, and presented it to our hero. Barnaby raised the lid—the box contained a blue powder. Barnaby, did not like the appearance of it, so he hesitated. Meantime, his Satanic majesty edged up to Mainchance, and urged him to decide upon his intentions. Mainchance again looked round, and, instigated by Simon, at length pronounced himself willing to try the proposed experiment on Thorner.

'Then you are secure. When needed, summon me in the garden,' whispered the fisher of souls; then grasping the still speculating Barnaby's arm, he roared 'He's mine forever!' So violent was this action that Barnaby dropped the box over which he had mused—it shivered into dust—a bright flame, succeeded by a dense volume of smoke, flashed from the fragments, and when this had gone, the demon was no more to be seen. Mainchance, followed by Simon, rushed from the place in a state of the wildest dread.

Nearly two hours after these events, the gentle Angelica Mainchance was aroused from a light slumber into which she had fallen, by a smart rap at her prison door. Though surprised, she felt no alarm—innocence never fears—and unhesitatingly gave her disturber permission to enter; on which the key was turned, the door flew open, and lo! not the devil, dear reader, but Simon, stood before her.

'Sir! what business brings you here at this late hour of the night?' inquired Angelica.

Simon in answer, said, that from feelings of compunction he came to offer his services to repair the mischief occasioned by him in the morning. He then, without entering into particulars, informed his young mistress of her lover's danger, and engaged to bring him to the garden by a private entrance, and thus enable them to devise means for his safety.

Angelica laughed with joy, and then burst into tears—the opposing emotions of pleasure at the prospect of once more seeing Alfred, and grief for his misfortunes, played the deuce with her heart, and before she could collect her bewildered wits sufficiently to acquaint Simon with Thorner's abode, she uttered a thousand extravagant ejaculations, which, as they could only be understood by people in love, I will decline recording. At last, Simon's patience was exhausted. 'Why don't you tell me where to find him? If I an't in time I shall be too late,' was his sapient remark. Angelica, in some measure recovering herself, upon this pencilled a note to Alfred, and slipping some money with it into Simon's hand, withdrew to the window to count the stars, or rather, the intervening moments, until her expected interview.

Simon proved himself a skilful aide-de-camp, as in less than half an hour the letter was duly delivered, and Thorner, late as it was, hastened to meet his loved one. Angelica saw him approach, and casting aside all her wonted coyness, abandoned herself to the tide of her feelings, and flew into his arms.

[Thorner soon persuaded her to elope with him and trust to fortune, and they were in the act of executing their plan, when, as they passed the gate, a cloth was thrown over her lover, who was seized by two powerful men and borne away, while the gate was violently closed and locked against herself. Thorner was taken to a private apartment and confined without any knowledge of his true situation. This was also accomplished by the contrivance of Mainchance, and the agency of Simon, who had deceived Angelica to secure Thorner.]

On being left alone, Thorner—like all other heroes in distress—kicked up a terrible dust. He burst the cord which bound him, tore the cloak from his head and roared in vain for help. At length, enfeebled, hoarse, and disappointed, he threw himself into a seat to feed on dreary anticipations of what was next to occur. His disordered thoughts, however, would not take the direction he intended, and instead of advancing to the future, they fell back upon the past with the intention of forcing a clue to the present, to accomplish which, he ran over in his mind a few events which it is time to explain.

The favourite means employed by Jedekiah Mainchance, when young in business, for advancement in the world, was to ingratiate himself with the oldest and richest of his clients, with a view to being left executor to their wills; from which jobs he generally reached his hive well stored. Amongst these was a wealthy veteran officer named Thorner, who was so far misled by the lawyer's arts, as to leave Mainchance, in conjunction with a respectable merchant named Martin Armstrong, guardian to his only son Alfred, and trustee of his effects. Shortly after signing his will, the colonel died, and Alfred was sent to school by his guardians. Thus things went on smoothly enough for a twelvemonth, at the end of which it so *fell out* that Armstrong *fell into* difficulties through the negligence of a person who had the care of some plantations belonging to him in America. To remedy this, his immediate personal appearance on the estate was required; and, as he had been left a widower some weeks previous to his disaster, and not having any relations, he hesitated not to obey the requisition with all speed. Whilst in the daughter country, fortune so favoured him, that he abandoned all thoughts of ever returning to England, which had been his original intention: and meeting with a lady of great personal and mental charms he made her his wife, resolving to consider America his future home. Now all these circumstances struck the trusty Jedekiah Mainchance as offering him a fair lift in mounting the ladder of fortune. Armstrong was out of the way, perhaps forever; Alfred was too young to be acquainted with the true state of his affairs; and what kinsmen the lad possessed were too distantly related, or too much occupied in their own affairs, to remember that such a being existed. 'What, then, could be easier than to manufacture a sham will in the place of the real one?' thought the crafty knave. Thoughts are free, and so were actions with him; and so—and so the thing was done.

Very well; so far, so good. But as Alfred grew up, he conceived a fondness for dissipation and Miss Mainchance; and the first mentioned passion made the second an event by no means wished by the young lady's papa, especially as he had other views for her. Now, how to dispose of the young spark? Oh! the first blush of the hostilities between England and her colonies solved the problem. 'We will make a soldier of him, and good luck to the ball that knocks his head off,' said Mainchance to his fat spouse Deborah, and rubbing his hands gleefully at the idea.

Action upon decision—Thorner was sent off to America.

At this period, Martin Armstrong became a second time a widow, and anxious to preserve a lasting memorial of his deceased wife, he cut a lock of hair from her marble brow. Whilst so doing, he recollected having retained a similar memento of his first partner. 'They shall repose together,' he said, with a sigh, as he proceeded to search for the locket containing it, and, as the most probable place for finding it, he unfastened a small portmanteau in which, before leaving England, he had packed several of her letters, and which (from unwillingness to revive unpleasant emotions) he had never since opened. What was his astonishment, however, on raising the lid, to find that he had unthinkingly brought with him the will of his late friend, Colonel Thorner; Mainchance being only possessed of an attested copy, and as he had not corresponded with that person (or, indeed, with any one else) for many years, he judged it unsafe to transmit the lost deed to England, without first learning how affairs stood there; but before he had an opportunity of writing, the war broke out, and Armstrong joined the republican party. Thinking it more than probable that he should encounter some of Thorner's relations amongst the British officers, Martin with much foresight always carried the will about his person, and we have already seen the upshot. Alfred's likeness to his father caused Armstrong to inquire his name and circumstances; the young man's answers induced him to suspect that Mainchance had used foul play, so he related the above circumstances to Thorner, added to the detail a few words of advice, and gave up the important document to his keeping.

All these things did our hero recapitulate to himself in his prison, until the momentary idea flashed across him that he had been imposed upon, and that Armstrong had treacherously given him a forged instrument for the purpose of revenging himself for being taken prisoner; but scarcely had he rejected the ridiculously chimerical thought, before Mainchance entered with Simon at his heels. Alfred's conjectures were now at an end, and the light of morning which now dawned, revealed to him the place of confinement in spite of Jedekiah's precautions. The lawyer, though hardened in villany, somewhat feared the ultimate step of sending Thorner to a madhouse; he had consequently come with an offer of liberty, on condition that Alfred immediately quitted Great Britain, and gave up the will of his father.

'Were it in my possession, you should have my life first,' exclaimed Thorner, indignantly. 'But learn, to your utter confusion, that I have already reposed it in the hands of a responsible person, who will not fail to exact justice.'

'Safe!' said Simon.

'Then,' said Mainchance, with that hideous grin which ever exulted on his lip when knavery was uppermost in his thoughts—'Then bid adieu to the bright world for ever. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and each succeeding to-morrow until the day of death, will find you in a spacious apartment twelve feet square—your only prospect four white walls—your only fare, bread and water—your only clothing, chains—your only sport, the lash—you only consolation, the scream of lunatics—your only hope, the GRAVE!' With these fiendish words he departed.

Thorner was for a time terror-stricken; humanity seemed to leave him, and he feared that he was becoming indeed mad. Presently the blood mounted to his head, his face burnt—it seemed as though a flame of fire played round his eye-lids, and that he viewed objects through the smoke which it emitted. At last he roused himself sufficiently to uplift his voice, and he cried aloud, 'Come back, wretch! Hear me speak, Mainchance—fiend!—devil!'

'Who wants the devil? I am at his elbow,' said a voice close by. Thorner turned round, and saw standing near him, the same mysterious, awful being which had appeared to Mainchance!

[Meantime Barnaby, walking abroad for the morning air, encountered Simon with a fair young girl, who seemed not exactly to relish his company, and offered his protection to the maiden. Before the matter was concluded, the imperturbable Barnaby was in love with Jessy—a circumstance which gave great pleasure to Angelica, as she thought she could now engage him in her *affaire de cœur.*]

'I say, you Barnaby, what are you up to?' exclaimed Mainchance, at that moment coming up.

'Star gazing!' said Barnaby.

'Or *eye* gazing—which?' rejoined his father; 'I'll swear I saw a petticoat.'

'Each act smells of the same nosegay, I believe. I'm supposed to be in love,' said Barnaby, rising from his knees.

'Heaven defend us! But she is rich, mayhap?' cried Mainchance, with mingled dismay and expectation.

'Infinitely,' said Barnaby; his lip slightly curling.

'That's a good boy; has she proved favourable? Did she do the condescending?' asked the sire.

'A few,' rejoined the son.

Mainchance was now satisfied, and proceeded to tell Barnaby of the last night's occurrences; adding an apology for leaving him out of the affair, which he affirmed he should not have done, but that he feared an opposition to his designs. Barnaby's brow lowered like a thunder cloud at this piece of intelligence, and he was on the point of denouncing the proceedings altogether, when Jedekiah, anticipating a rebuke, said, 'I don't bargain for any comments on my conduct; all I want is your opinon concerning the matter.'

'As very bad; and your manner of acting has not mended it. However, as Thorner will not give up the will, we must look to our own safety. Let us to the summer-house, and summon your father, Lucifer.'

Mainchance, in terror, resisted this proposition for some time, but ultimately suffered himself to be persuaded, and accompanied Barnaby to the appointed spot, where he commenced repeating his creed backwards; but before getting over half a dozen words, the Devil was at his elbow.

'*Bon jour*,' said his majesty.

'Good morning—good morning,' stuttered Jedekiah. 'I've come to——'

'Dont't mention it; I know what you want,' said the Deuce. 'Your affairs are desperate, and require strong remedies. You must murder Thorner.'

'The devil!' exclaimed Barnaby.

'I did'nt bargain for this,' cried Jedekiah.

'You dont like the plan, then,' rejoined Old Nick.

'No more than you do holy water,' said Mainchance. 'And, now I think of it, I can dispense with your assistance altogether. Barnaby tells me he is going to marry a girl of fortune; so Alfred may take his few dirty hundreds, and I shall be out of that scrape. I say you, do you catch the idea?'

'Dolt!' roared the spirit; 'you little think of what else is hanging over your head.'

'Phu! phu! ph——u!' whistled Jedekiah, contemptuously.

'You may whistle till your fingers are cold, but 'there are iron's heating shall hiss in your heart's blood ere long.' What will you thing when I say that Barnaby will soon discover that he is not your son?'

'It's false! screamed Mainchance, staggering, 'it's an infernal lie!'

'It's the infernal truth,' said Satan, calmly.

'The devil! This must be inquired into, sir,' said Barnaby, waxing exceeding wroth.

'I see, I see that I am ruined without your aid,' cried Jedekiah, in an agony. 'Propose what you will, and I will agree to it.'

'Sign this, then,' said the Devil, producing a parchment. 'It contains a confession and synopsis of all your backslidings, and a promise that if I release you from their consequences, you will in return—' he whispered the rest.

'I agree—O agony! I agree. Give me the deed,' articulated Mainchance.

'Stay; we must have a witness. And, by my power, there stands one near the window.' The two mortals looked round and saw Simon passing. He was called in—the document was signed and attested, and Satan thrust it into his bosom. 'And now,' said he, 'mark me; we have been one hour in this place, two more shall not pass before——Great God, whence come you? Form of Beatitude, what thy purpose? Is my hour come? Am I at length to be joined with thee in heaven?'

These frantic exclamations quite mystified the persons present, and they looked about them for the cause, but saw nothing but Angelica and Jessy, who had that instant entered. Before they had time to make inquiries, their attention was again fixed by the fiend, who with one hand caught Angelica's wri t, and with the other clutched Jedekiah's throat, whilst he said, 'By every thing, good or evil, I conjure you to tell me who is this celestial maiden.'

'And who are you that dare inquire,' cried Mainchance, all his audacity coming to aid him.

'MARTIN ARMSTRONG,' returned the mock fiend, throwing off his wig, and displaying a respectable grey head beneath.

Jedekiah was again aback, but once more summoning up his effrontery, he exclaimed, 'Then, Martin Armstrong, have the goodness to leave my house. This young woman is my daughter.'

'Scoundrel, be accurate in your manœuvres! She's the devil's own imp. That is, she's the child of her own father, Martin Armstrong, without knowing it; but 'tis a wise child that knoweth its true parent, as I have myself experienced.'

Long before Barnaby had concluded these few sentences, Angelica was closely clasped in her father's arms, who rapturously exclaimed, 'Powers on high, I thank thee! My child then is not dead! The precious relic, the image of my first love, still lives to bless me! Angelica, Angelica, I am thy father!'

Angelica raised her angel eye, and threw her arms round his neck, but spoke not. Jessy was in tears as she knelt to kiss the hand of her new found sister—for Armstrong was the father about whom she had been so anxious. Barnaby extended his hands above the sweet girl's head, and silently breathed a benediction upon it; whilst Mainchance looked on, dumb and confounded. The little oddities and peculiarities which characterized this man's manner and phraseology, were in early life entirely assumed, the more effectually to deceive his clients, in respect to his real character. Long use had, however, made these expressions natural; but, now that affairs stared him in the face with so frightful a front, he shook off every assumption, and stood forth the bold, the crafty, the unmasked villain. 'Arrogant, presuming wretches,' he exclaimed, 'think not to triumph over me. Remember I am still in possession of what you covet, and will defend them to the last. Few can outwit me in law; term after term shall our suits be thrown over, and happy may ye deem yourselves, if your *grandchildren* gain their rights.'

'Liar, thou art caught in thine own toils. Remember a certain parchment which you signed. Remember the confession it contains regarding the wrongs of Thorner and Barnaby,' said Armstrong with exultation. 'And now it is time to summon the injured Alfred to confront you. Come forth,' he added in a louder tone.

In answer to this summons the opposite wall yawned in the face of all present, and from the aperture Alfred Thorner stepped into the room.

'Eternal curses on you all!' screamed Mainchance, making a spring towards the door; but Simon caught him with a tiger's gripe, and pinned him to a chair.

'You are *safe* now, you seven-times distilled old rogue. My dear Martin, what shall be done with him?' said Simon.

'Take him before a magistrate, cousin; but ere we do so, let each one here relate what he knows of the rascal's tricks, that we may lay them together, and form one narrative of the whole, to save trouble.'

This was done, and the chain of events thus brought to light were as follows. When Martin Armstrong quitted England he had two heavy charges upon him—an infant daughter and a chancery suit, (to gain possession of a large estate, real and personal, out of which he had been wronged when a boy.) Expecting speedily to return, and fearful of his child's health, he committed both into the care of his co-trustee, Mainchance, and proceeded to America, from whence he unhappily wrote word, that but for his interests and ties at home he should have remained there for ever, owing to his prosperity and partiality for the place. Now was Jedekiah's time; he went forthwith to old Davis, the holder of Armstrong's property, (an unhealthy but covetous man,) and offered to suffer judgment to go against *his* client, provided that he, the holder would suffer him to sell the house and grounds at a nominal price, and would execute a contract to leave the whole funded property to Mainchance when he died. This negotiation succeeded, and to aid Jedekiah's plans, the only child he ever had, which was a girl about six months old, died of the small pox, and, with intuitive sagacity he gave it out that his little ward was the sufferer. Armstrong, in consequence, received information of both losses in one letter, which so affected him that he determined never more to set foot in England.

Years rolled on; Armstrong again married, again had a daughter, and was again left a widower. At this period, to his surprise he, for the first time, heard that Mainchance was living in the house of his fathers; and although he was likewise told such was the case by right of purchase, yet he suspected something wrong; to fathom which he persuaded an honest but poor relation of his second wife to visit England, and get into the lawyer's employ, to learn, if possible, the truth of matters. This was Simon, who, under a disadvantageous exterior, possessed many good qualities and much information, and who succeeded so well, that he soon learnt the circumstances relating to Thorner and Barnaby, which he immediately transmitted to Armstrong. From a strong desire to see justice done, and likewise repenting having taken up arms against his native country, the merchant after his interview with Alfred, before related, converted his plantations into money, and with his daughter escaped to England. Shortly afterwards Thorner also returned, being the bearer of secret intelligence to government, and when Armstrong found that the youth's application to Mainchance had failed, he felt assured that an open demand from him would be equally unfortunate, and so resolved to employ artifice to expose the lawyer, rather than engage him with his own weapon, the law, in which he was favored by an unlooked for circumstance. Mainchance House, as it was called, had been built in Queen Mary's time, by some of the persecuted Protestants who, in case of danger, caused private passages to be constructed within its massy walls, leading from all parts of the house underground to the hollow rock, or grotto in the garden. In process of time the secret became lost, until the prying eyes of Sim[illegible] ed a crack in the wainscot one day, a[illegible] the search he found out the whole [illegible] week afterwards the former tenan[illegible] —having much outlived the time [illegible] had anticipated—and his wealth c[illegible]

lawyer, who was thus compelled to tell Barnaby all about Angelica, in order to account for his sudden influx of riches, and proposed, as a bribe for secrecy, to make Angelica marry some wealthy old man, and cheat her of her dower in Barnaby's favour; an offer which Barnaby resolved never to accept. That same day, Armstrong made his first appearance as the devil, (having already provided phosphorus with every other requisite,) and made propositions which he knew would furnish proofs sufficient to gain his end, if acceded to by Mainchance; his reason for planning Thorner's arrest is therefore obvious. He, however, did not escape so well as he anticipated, for Barnaby had been too wary a watcher not to perceive his mode of egress through the pannel, and having waited till the room was clear, our philosopher courageously followed, and detected Armstrong as he retreated. An eclaircissement of course ensued, and they parted; Barnaby, with a determination of making his supposed father do justice without being exposed to the world. When Armstrong reached the grotto, he was alarmed to find Mainchance and Simon in the garden, which obliged him to retire and lie perdue till morning; but this proved a lucky circumstance, as the accident enabled him to release Thorner.

The gentle Jessy Armstrong, having been made acquainted with her father's designs, naturally felt alarmed at his protracted absence, and dreading some accident, she nerved herself to hazard every danger in the attempt to see him, should he have been detected. Luckily Simon met her in the grounds, and though astounded at hearing of Armstrong's non-appearance, he endeavoured to dissuade her from her rash attempt. More convinced than ever that her father was in peril, Jessy strove to force her way towards the house, and Simon, with the best intentions, held her back by main strength. At that moment Barnaby first saw her, and Simon fled to find out Armstrong.

Our hero's comprehensive mind amply appreciated the extent of affection which dictated this filial act in one so young, and he said to himself, 'What a wife she would make.' Hence his anxiety to gain her.

Although Barnaby had wished to save his father from disgrace, yet when Mainchance intimated that he had actually executed the arrest of Thorner, our hero was so shocked, that he suffered affairs to take their own course.

This long catalogue of crime produced an indescribable effect upon its hearers, and they unanimously assented to the justice of dragging its author before the public tribunals. 'Go,' said Armstrong to Simon, 'bring the constables immediately, meanwhile we will keep guard over the culprit. Now, villain,' continued he to Mainchance, but he paused and started with horror; the false friend—the defrauder—the forger—the wronger of orphans—the sinner—was *dead!* A conflict of overwhelming passions had, during the narration of his misdeeds, hurried him to the footstool of an eternal Judge!

Six months afterwards a crowd was assembled in the parish church to view a double wedding. Barnaby, being indubitably the lawyer's heir, had restored to a fraction all that was due to Armstrong and Thorner, reserving nothing more for himself than what he of right inherited from his true father, out of which he allowed his mother an annual stipend.—This upright and voluntary act gained him golden opinions from Jessy; Angelica, too, pleaded his cause with Armstrong. She told of his kindness to her on all occasions. She repeated the instructions by which he had ennobled her heart and exalted her mind, and she related that even when obliged by Mainchance to chide, his rebukes went forth so gently that they were more like the kind admonishments of a father than the reproaches of an alien.

'Such a man,' said Armstrong, in reply, 'may safely be entrusted with my daughter's happiness.'

'But will Jessy say so too?' said Barnaby.

Jessy, with an irradiation on the cheek, and a wave on the lip, softly laid her hand on his—which was just the same as a person saying, 'this is my hand and deed,' when signing a contract.

Barnaby pressed it to his lips, and said, 'This, then, will amply compensate for the loss of affluence; for a good wife is the crown of a man's head, and my future study shall be thy happiness. Then, Jessy, then shall I bask in the sunshine of thine eye; then shall thy sister still address me as brother; and then, too, shall Heaven, for thy sake, forbear to visit the sins of my fathers upon my head.'

Peace to thee, Barnaby; I knew thee well;—I wore thee in esteem, and would fain have done justice to thy harmless peculiarities. Thou wert a strange but a good creature. The poor found in thee a father, the rich a friend; the beggar knocked with confidence at thy door, and the worm securely crossed thy path. Thy wife—ah! how thou lovedst her!—how she loved thee! But here let me close, and confess, that however I may strive to paint thy likeness and thy manifold excellencies, the sketch will fall far short of THE ORIGINAL.

POSSUMING.—As Messrs. Webster and Ewing were wending their way to Centreville, when about seven miles from the town, their passage was intercepted by a tree which had recently fallen across the road, and which an honest yeoman was leisurely cutting out. They surveyed the premises to see how the difficulty might be overcome. Our knight of the axe, not knowing either of the distinguished Senators, congratulated himself on the timely arrival of two such hale and able bodied men to his assistance, and very frankly advised them, as the best means of escaping the difficulty, to get down from their carriage, and aid him in the removal of the obstruction. Pleased with the republican plainness of the suggestion, and finding the man's strength inadequate to the task in hand, they followed his advice, Mr. Ewing first took the axe, and wielded it with effect, as he does his arguments in the Senate and at the Bar. He was relieved by Mr. Webster, who was less familiar with chopping logs from the road, than with removing the obstructions of chop-logic from the wheels of government. His efforts were so very laboured and ineffectual, as to attract the notice of the woodsman, who declared to him, "you are not doing your best now, sir?—you must be *playing the possum!* You don't bend your back enough, sir." The tree cut off and the way cleared, our travellers resumed their journey—and left the countryman blessing his stars that they had been directed that way, (which was off the main road) at that propitious hour.—*Ohio paper.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1835.

OUR PATRONS AND OURSELVES.

This number closes our fourth volume. To us and our kind and gentle readers it is a period of sufficient interest to excuse a few words of remark touching our past and future course. Having had it in contemplation for some months to change the appearance and character of the *Constellation*, we have perhaps been more remiss in fully discharging our duties than circumstances would entirely justify; but to those who have closely observed the nature of man it will not seem singular that our anxieties and hopes and cares for the old series were easily transferred to the new, even before the same had a being. Such has been our case, and we beg our patrons and friends who have travelled with us in our career of editorial duties, to forget our short-comings, overlook our errors, and join with us in our hopes of the future.

Our next volume will appear in a new and more popular shape,—in an entire new dress, and as we trust with many other marked improvements. We have secured the editorial services of an industrious, observing and popular gentleman, who has been favourably known in that capacity, as editor of the Spirit of the Times, and late of the New Yorker. Under these auspices we shall commence a new race with our cotemporaries for public patronage, striving by every fair means to win "the golden cup," never losing sight of our own interests or the rights of others,—rendering praise where it is due, and withholding it from the unworthy,—ever ready to consult the pleasure of our readers—still be consistent with ourselves,—in a word, do all and every thing in our power to render our forth-coming volume not merely the most lively and entertaining, but quite the most elegant, useful and instructive Paper that ever fell from our press.

With these sentiments and views, we bid adieu to the past and greet the future.

WELL DONE, VERMONT.—Some citizens of this enterprising little State, desirous to keep in the front rank of improvements and discoveries, caused a search to be made for gold in one of the southern counties. When, lo! and behold, gold has been found to the no small marvel of the inhabitants thereof. Now, we like Vermonters, and therefore whisper in all kindness our belief that the same expenditure and the same labour bestowed on any branch of agriculture as would be required to cleanse this metal from its earthly dross, would assuredly yield a greater amount of profit. This is said to be the case even in some of the most gold-abounding districts in Georgia. Away then with the delusive hope of sudden wealth from mining. The green hills and sunny glades—the glad pastures and verdant fields will rise up in judgment against the spirit of mammon, that would seek to withdraw the labour of the husbandman from the culture of the surface, to be expended in the fruitless search of the hidden treasures of nature.

THE LADIES IRRESISTIBLE.—Six hundred ladies of Bennington, Vt. petitioned the board of Excise in that town not to license any person for the sale of ardent spirits. The board complied with the request. So far, so good. But we trust these fair creatures will not stop here. If they deprive the lovers of blue ruin and mint juleps of their accustomed potations, surely they should supply them with some stimulant of another sort. Sudden deprivations often occasion serious ills. The tender passion must be enkindled, and no single damsel whose name is among the petitioners should be allowed to refuse the hand of any sighing swain thus deprived. Substituting in this manner the sweets of Cupid for the pleasures of Bacchus, they will complete with magnanimity and honour what they have commenced with so much success.

MISS PRUDENCE CRANDALL.—Since the days of the Martyrs we have known few persons more greedy of a Martyr's reward than this self same Miss Prudence. She it was, who, upon the ruins of a female Seminary for the *fair* daughters of Canterbury, established a literary institution devoted exclusively to the education of *Ladies of colour*. Backed by a few persons of wealth, she has been enabled to create a tremendous excitement throughout the sober state of Connecticut, and continued contrary to the will of the established authorities to bring from other states "daughters of Ethiopian hue," and afford their tender minds deep draughts from the Pierian spring. Now thus doing is in the very teeth of the good and wholesome laws of that state, and the more valiant than prudent Miss Crandall has been actually tried for the crime of wilfully breaking a solemn statute. The trial took place on the 23d ult. when the jury found it impossible to agree on a verdict, and were discharged. Thus Miss C. is still at liberty to watch over her tender charge, until she shall again be summoned before the "majesty of the people." Miss Crandall grounded her defence on the unconstitutionality of the law of the State. On this point the Court was against her—but it being a criminal prosecution, the jury had power to decide both law and fact. The jury split. They were understood to stand seven and five. Among the advocates for the immediate emancipation of the slaves, Miss C. stands conspicuous, and of course is wholly opposed to the system of colonization. This fact will tend to point out who and *where* her abettors and backers are in this Quixotic tilt against the authorities of Connecticut.

The *New Bedford Gazette* states "that a school for the education of coloured children is about to be established at New Haven under the care of Arthur Tappan's wife and the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Taylor." The objection usually made against locating a female seminary in the vicinity of a college will hardly hold good in this case, as we presume there will be little fear of the coloured ladies making an impression on the hearts of the "white gemmen." Oh hush!!

THE COUNTERFEITERS.—Almost every paper we take up gives us "farther news of the nest of counterfeiters," but on perusing the details we find the same old story—same names and all the circumstances as first reported. This fact shows the great dearth of news, as well as the shallow ingenuity of those who attempt to concoct them from old materials. We wonder more was not made out of the Virginia earthquake. It was a capital subject for a *stretcher*. We have had the Avery trial three times hashed up to the morbid taste of the gullable news-lover, and the Courier and Enquirer are making up the fourth dish from the same vapid and disgusting elements. We shall shortly have the "Trial of the Counterfeiters," which with ordinary economy and judicious cutting up will last the dailies a week and the weeklies a fortnight. Thus the world wags.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY BY THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE. *By Thomas Dick, L.L. D.*, forming the LIX. number of *Harper's Family Library*.

This is the production of a clear headed, practical man. We hardly know a book that can be perused with more pleasure and profit. It embraces a wide range of subjects, all brought to bear directly on the question, and illustrating in the most conclusive and beautiful manner the great truth with which the learned author sets out.

Let no one be deterred from reading this volume by the forbidding and high sounding title. The simplicity of the style, and the ready and intelligible manner of treating even scientific subjects, puts the whole argument and the facts, and the illustration of facts in a train that will render them perfectly comprehensible to the most uninitiated. To the scholar also, and the man of science, this work will prove an acceptable boon, as it will teach him that mere knowledge is as dross, unless made practically beneficial in the improvement of our species. In short, the Family Library does not contain a volume that has given us more pleasure to peruse, or that is calculated to render its numerous readers more instruction and genuine satisfaction. Most cordially therefore do we commend this work to all those who feel an interest (and who does not) in the melioration and mental improvement of mankind.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The September number of this periodical has just come to hand. We have had time but to read the first article and glance at the "Literary Notices." With each we are much pleased, especially Mr. Flint's contribution. There is an air of manliness and thorough-going independence pervading his writings that is extremely refreshing after reading the wishy-washy lucubrations that are daily pouring from our periodical presses. Hereafter the Magazine will be entirely under the charge of Mr. Flint, and we are gratified in believing it could not be in better keeping.

NIBLO AND MONS. SACHERT.—Who can withstand the united attractions of these two distinguished caterers for the public amusement!—The splendid and inviting garden entices us to its bowers—and the wonder-working exhibitions of this prince of legerdemain prolongs the excitement, and gives a zest to all our pleasures. The city is crowded with strangers, and this fairy spot is nightly thronged with hundreds in pursuit of relaxation from the toils and cares of the day.

Niblo well deserves the "calls" of his friends for his liberal and spirited manner of getting up his entertainments. The beautiful songsters are no longer there, but the attractions are not the less—for Monsieur is in his best mood, and all know his capabilities to give entire satisfaction.

RIFLE SHOOTING AT JERSEY CITY.—Lynch, of the Thatched House Cottage, has won new laurels the past season, by his urbanity and attention to the wants and conveniences of his customers. To any one fond of shooting, fishing, sailing, or, in fact, almost any amusement, Lynch holds out great attractions, as each may be enjoyed on or near his premises.

We find in the Courier the subjoined feat of one of our Good Shots, which equals any thing of the kind we have heard of lately in "*these here* parts."

"On Saturday afternoon, at the Thatched Cottage, Jersey City, in a trial of skill at target shooting, a gentleman of this city fired ten successive shots, at one hundred yards, with a rifle at rest, whose aggregate measurement on a line was one-eighth of an inch short of eleven inches. The first shot measured two inches and seven-eighths from the nail, deducting which, there remains as the aggregate distance of the nine successive shots following, *eight inches*, an occurrence rarely if ever accomplished on the same ground. The rifle used was provided with a flint lock."

THE DRAMA.

MR. POWER THE COMEDIAN.—The character and fame of this gentleman reached us long before he crossed the Atlantic. For some years he has been favourably known as a most efficient comic actor on the London, Edinburgh and Dublin boards. His arrival in New York was announced as the harbinger of great mirth and laughter—and after witnessing his debut and his subsequent performances, we take much pleasure in recording our entire satisfaction with the excellence and spirit of his representations. Irish character, in all its variety, is his forte. It was in this his favourite walk that he first appeared. The kind and warm greeting that saluted his ear on presenting himself to an American audience must have made his Irish heart swell with joy and gratitude. Successive peals of cheering welcomed him on our boards, to which he returned a silent but profound acknowledgement. He appeared in both pieces, in which there were many opportunities to display the full force of his comic powers, and in no instance was the audience disappointed. Nothing of the kind could be better. A rich vein of rare humour studded here and there with exquisite jokes and witticisms, pervaded the "Petit Comedies." A laugh was inevitable, and now and then the very walls trembled with the tumultuous roar. All embarrassments were soon got over, and a perfect understanding established between the actor and audience.

Mr. P.'s subsequent performances have been equally successful with his first. Indeed the impress of genius marks all his efforts, and cannot fail to ensure him ample success both here and in our sister cities. Of this we are the more glad, as Mr. P. is represented by all who know him as a well bred gentleman of the most courteous manners and sociable disposition, besides being the author of many Plays of unquestioned merit.

Mr. HACKETT has returned to us from his "trip to England," and appeared among his old friends on Wednesday evening, in one of his celebrated characters. Whatever may have been the result of his voyage across the Atlantic, *here* his talents can be *appreciated* and enjoyed. The Kembles are either here or hovering near us, and we hope to greet them soon. Rumour with her thousand tongues is filling all ears with reports of engagements and secret marriage of the fair stranger, but truth is treading fast on the heels of her old enemy, and will soon silent the slanderous tongue of the tired gossip. The present season promises great attraction, and not among the least is the far famed and beautiful Mrs. WOOD, who with her husband will shortly appear in a favourite Opera at the Park.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"George" is evidently too young a poet to appear in print yet, but he must not be discouraged.

LA PAUVRE FEMME.

From the N.Y. Atlas.

A striking picture is presented in one of the *Chansons de Beranger*, of an actress; once the gay and well-provided favourite of popular admiration—reduced by disease and poverty to the most abject dependence. We transfer it to the Atlas, both for its poetic merit and its moral. The translation is furnished by the Edinburgh Review.

It snows, it snows, but on the pavement still
She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head;
Beneath those rags through which the blast blows shrill,
Shivering she kneels, and wants for bread.
Hither each morn she crepes her weary way,
Winter and summer, there is she,
Blind is the wretched creature! well-a-day!—
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;
That sunken cheek, that colour wan,
The pride of thronged theatres, to hear
Her voice, enraptured Paris ran:
In smiles or tears before her beauty's shrine,
Which of us has not bowed the knee!—
Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?
Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,
Homeward her rapid coursers flew;
Along crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.
To lead her from the glittering car, that bore
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,
How many rivals throng'd around her door—
Ah! give the blind one charity.

When all the arts to her their homage paid,
How splendid was her gay abode;
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes were displayed,
Tributes by love on love bestow'd:
How duly did the noise her banquets gild,
Faithful to her prosperity;
In every palace will the swallow build!—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;
Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone,
And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,
The blind one kneels and begs alone.
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,
And every limb grows stiff with cold;
That rosary once woke her smile, which now
Her frozen fingers hardly hold.
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
By pity still sustain'd may be,
Lest even her faith in heaven itself depart,
Ah! give the blind one charity.

THE PEASANT GIRL OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

Who can refuse her Alpine flowers,
Poor child of nature, mountain born?
Were they not cull'd from freedom's bowers,
And who may freedom's flow'rets scorn?
No troublous cares disturb her rest,
Save when bold hands war's flag unfurl;
Then patriot hopes warm e'en the breast
Of Lauterbrunnen's peasant girl.

But when again, with conquest crown'd,
Her love returns—a second Tell;
What joys her young heart twine around,
Or, dashed with fears, her bosom swell!
How bright 'the laughing waters' then!
How white the mists around that curl!
As lightly through the lonely glen
Trips Lauterbrunnen's peasant girl.

Here, towers the Breithorn's rugged scalp—
There, the wild torrent foams below,
And there, the Wengern's pine-clad Alp
Mocks the cold Jungfrau's proudly brow.
With these to gaze on, what the stir
Of crowded marts, or what the whirl
Of mad ambition's car to her,
Lone Lauterbrunnen's peasant girl?

Oh! there is many a high-born heart,
With pomp of pride and riches rife,
From its proud wealth would gladly part
To share the peasant's happier life!
For where is he that would not stay
Where, by lone cots, bright waters purl?
Or who would throw the flowers away
Of Lauterbrunnen's peasant girl!

Songs of Switzerland.

PROOF OF LOVE.

Ask not how I love thee,
When thy breast's least throb
Of sorrow can my bosom
Of every pleasure rob.
Ask not how I love thee,
But look round and see—
Do I gaze on others
As I gaze on thee? *ib.*

ANTIQUITIES OF EDINBURGH.

From a new publication by Mr. Chambers, we derive the story which is annexed, relating to the legends and superstitious terrors concerning the "house of Major Weir," being one of the remarkable spots among the antiquities of "Auld Reekie."

"Celebrated in the annals of sorcery and Scottish superstition in general. He was the son of a small farmer near Lanark, and served as a private soldier in the Scottish troops sent over to assist in quelling the Irish rebellion of 1641. Having afterwards risen to the rank of major in the Town-guard of Edinburgh, he became distinguished for a life of peculiar sanctity, even in an age when that was the prevailing tone of the public mind. According to a contemporary account, 'His garb was still a cloak, and somewhat dark, and he never went without his staff. He was a tall black man, and ordinarily looked down to the ground—a grim countenance and a big nose. At ngth he became so notourly regarded among the resbyterian strict sect, that, if four met together, be sure Major Weir was one. At private meetings he prayed to admiration, which made many of that stamp court his converse. He never married, but lived in a private lodging with his sister, Grizel Weir. Many resorted to his house to hear him pray, and join with him; but it was observed that he could not officiate in any holy duty without the black staff, or rod, in his hand, and leaning upon it, which made those who heard him pray admire his flood in prayer, his ready extemporary expression, his heavenly gesture; so that he was thought more angel than a man, and was termed by some of the holy sisters, ordinarily, *Angelical Thomas!* It is even stated, by popular tradition, that this magical staff possessed properties of a still more inexplicable kind. It could run a message to a shop for any article which its proprietor wanted; and though it might be supposed that the tradesmen to whom it applied would naturally look upon it as a rather ugly customer, its appearance in that capacity seems to have excited no suspicions—or else, perhaps, the neighbours were too much under the fear of the major to venture upon making any remark. According to the same veracious authority, this extraordinary stick could answer the door when any one called upon its master; and it used to be often seen running before him, in the capacity of a link-boy, as he walked down the Lawnmarket. After a life characterised externally by all the graces of devotion, but polluted in secret by crimes of the most revolting nature, and which little needed the addition of necromancy to excite the horror of all living men, Major Weir fell into a severe sickness, which affected his mind so much, that he made open and voluntary confession of all his wickedness. The tale was at first so incredible, that the provest, Sir Andrew Ramsay, refused for some time to take him into custody. At length, himself, his sister (partner of one of his crimes,) and his staff, were secured by the magistrates, together with certain sums of money, which were found wrapped up in rags in different parts of the house. One of these pieces of rag, being thrown into the fire by a bailie who had taken the whole in charge, flew up the vent, and made an explosion like a cannon. While the wretched man lay in prison, he made no scruple to disclose the particulars of his guilt, but refused to address himself to the Almighty for pardon. To every request that he would pray, he answered in screams, 'Torment me no more—I am tormented enough already!' Even the offer of a Presbyterian clergyman, instead of an established episcopal minister of the city, had no effect upon him. He was tried, April 9, 1670, at the instance of Sir John Nisbet, King's Advocate, before a learned civilian, Mr. William Murray, and Mr. John Preston, advocates, who were made judges by commission for the purpose; and, being found guilty, was sentenced to be strangled and burnt between Edinburgh and Leith two days after. His sister, who was tried at the same time, was sentenced to be hanged in the Grassmarket. The execution of the profligate major took place, April 14th, at the place indicated by the judge.—When the rope was about his neck, to prepare him for the fire, he was bid to say, 'Lord, be merciful to me!' but he answered, as before, 'Let me alone—I will not—I have lived as a beast, and I must die as a beast!' After he had dropped lifeless in the flames, his stick was also cast into the fire; and, 'whatever incantation was in it,' said the contemporary writer above quoted, 'the persons present own that it gave rare turnings, and was long a-burning, as also himself.' For upwards of a century after Major Weir's death, he continued to be the bugbear of the Bow, and his house remained uninhabited. His apparition was frequently seen at night, flitting, like a black and silent shadow, about the purlieus of that singular street. His house, though known to be deserted by every thing human, was sometimes observed at midnight to be full of lights, and heard to emit strange sounds, as of dancing, howling, and, what is strangest of all, spinning. Some people also occasionally saw the major issue from the low close, at midnight, mounted on a black horse without a head, and gallop off in a whirlwind of flame. Nay, sometimes the whole of the inhabitants of the Bow together were aroused from their sleep at an early hour in the morning, by the sound as of a coach and six, first rattling up the Lawnmarket, and then thundering down the Bow, stopping at the head of the terrible close for a few minutes, and then rattling and thundering back again—being neither more nor less than Satan come in one of his best equipages to take home the ghosts of the major and his sister, after they had spent a night's leave of absence in their terrestrial dwelling. In support of these beliefs, circumstances, of course, were not wanting. One or two venerable men of the Bow, who had, perhaps, on the night of the 7th of September, seventeen hundred and thirty-six, popped their nightcapped heads out of their windows, and seen Captain Porteus hurried down their street to execution, were pointed out by children in the last age as having actually witnessed some of the dreadful doings alluded to. One worthy, in particular, declared that he had often seen coaches parading up and down the Bow at midnight, drawn by six black horses without heads, and driven by a coachman of the most hideous appearance, whose flaming eyes, placed at an immense distance from each other in his forehead, looked for all the world like the night-lamps of a modern vehicle. About fifty years ago, when the shades of superstition began universally to give way in Scotland, Major Weir's house came to be regarded with less terror by the neighbours, and an attempt was made by the proprietor to find a person who would be bold enough to inhabit it. Such a person was procured in William Patullo, a poor man of dissipated habits, who, having been at one time a soldier and a traveller, had come to disregard, in a great measure the superstitions of his native country, and was now glad to possess a house upon the low terms offered by the landlord, at whatever risk. Upon its being known in the town that Major Weir's house was about to be re-inhabited, a great deal of curiosity was felt by people of all ranks as to the result of this experiment; for there was scarcely a native of the city who had not felt, since his boyhood, an intense interest in all that concerned that awful fabric, and yet remembered the numerous terrible stories which he had heard told respecting it. Even before entering upon his hazardous undertaking, William Patullo was looked upon with a flattering sort of interest—an interest similar to that which we feel respecting a culprit under sentence of death, a man about to be married, or a regiment on the march to active conflict. It was the hope of many that he would be the means of retrieving a valuable possession from the dominion of darkness. But Satan soon let them know that he does not ever tamely relinquish the outposts of his kingdom. On the very first evening after Patullo and his spouse had taken up their abode in the house, a circumstance took place which effectually deterred them and all others from ever again inhabiting it. About one in the morning, as the worthy couple were lying awake in their bed, not unconscious of a considerable degree of fear—a dim uncertain light proceeded from the gathered embers of their fire, and all being silent around them—they suddenly saw a form like that of a calf, but without the head, come through the lower panel of the door, and enter the room; a spectre more horrible, or more spectre-like conduct could scarcely have been conceived. The phantom immediately came forward to the bed, and setting its fore-feet upon the stock, looked steadfastly in all its awful headlessness at the unfortunate pair, who were of course almost ready to die with fright. When it had contemplated them thus for a few minutes, to their great relief it at length took itself away, and, slowly retiring, gradually vanished from their sight. As might be expected, they deserted the house next morning; and for another half century no other attempt was made to embank this part of the world of light from the aggressions of the world of darkness. The house was at length occupied, first as a workshop, and finally, within the last year, as a dwelling of human beings. It may appear strange that any thing like superstition should exist in Edinburgh, where, in the words of the poet,—

'Justice from her native skies
High wields her balance and her rod,
And Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode;'

but when the reader is informed that such beliefs are only cherished among a very humble or very old fashioned class of people, his surprise will vanish. The truth is, that Edinburgh is at present two cities—two cities not less differing in appearance than in the character of their various inhabitants. The fine gentlemen, who daily exhibit their foreign dresses and manners on Princes Street, have no idea of a race of people who roost in the tall houses of the Lawnmarket and the West Bow, and retain about them many of the primitive modes of life, and habits of thought, that flourished among their grandfathers. Such a race, however, certainly still exists; and in some of the sequestered closes and back courts of the Old Town, there may at this very day be found specimens of people bearing nearly all the characteristics of the seventeenth century. Edinburgh is in fact two towns more ways than one. It contains an upper and an under town,—the one a sort of thoroughfare for the children of business and fashion, the other a den of retreat for the poor, the diseased, and the ignorant. The one is like the gay surface of the summer sea, covered with numerous vehicles of commerce and pleasure; while the other resembles the region below the surface, whose dreary wilds are peopled only by the wrecks of such gay barks, and by creatures of inconceivable hideousness and surpassing horror. In short, the 'march of intellect' proceeds along the South Bridge, without ever once casting a side look to the Cowgate. Such being the state of matters, it will no longer seem incredible that legendary superstition should exist in Auld Reekie. There are in fact several houses in the Old Town, which have the credit of being haunted. There is one at this day in the Lawnmarket, (a flat,) which has been shut up from time immemorial. The story goes, that one night as preparations were making for a supper party, something occurred which obliged the family, as well as the assembled guests, to retire with precipitation, and lock up the house. From that night to this it has never once been opened, nor was any of the furniture withdrawn;—the very goose which was undergoing the process of being roasted at the time of the dreadful occurrence is still at the fire! No one knows to whom the house belongs; no one ever inquires after it; no one living ever saw the inside of it; it is a condemned house! There is something peculiarly dreadful about a house under these circumstances. What sights of horror might present themselves, if it were entered! Satan is the *ultimus hæres* of all such unclaimed property. Besides the numberless old houses in Edinburgh that are haunted there are many endowed with the simple credit of having been the scenes of murders and suicides. Some contain rooms which had particular names commemorative of such events, and these names, handed down as they had been from one generation to another, usually suggested the remembrance of some dignified Scottish families, probably the former tenants of the houses. There is a common stair in the Lawnmarket, which was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of a gentleman who had been mysteriously killed, about a century ago, in the open daylight, as he was ascending to his own house; the affair was called to mind by old people, on the similar occasion of the murder of Begbie. A deserted house in Mary King's Close, (behind the Royal Exchange,) is believed by some to have met with a similar fate for a very fearful reason. The inhabitants at a remote period were, it is said, compelled to abandon it by the supernatural appearances which took place in it, on the very first night after they had made it their residence. At midnight, as the good man was sitting with his wife by the fire, reading his Bible, and intending immediately to go to bed, a strange dimness which suddenly fell upon his light caused him to raise his eyes from the book. He looked at the candle and saw that it was burning blue. Terror took possession of his frame. He turned away his eyes from the ghastly object; but the cure was worse than the disease. Directly before him, and apparently not two yards off, he saw the head as of a dead person, looking him straight in the face. There was nothing but a head, though that seemed to occupy the precise situation in regard to the floor which it might have done had it been supported by a body of the ordinary stature. The man and his wife fainted with terror. On awaking, darkness pervaded the room. Presently the door opened, and in came a hand holding a candle. This came and stood—that is, the body is supposed to be attached to the hand stood—beside the table, whilst the terrified pair saw two or three couples of feet skip along the floor as if dancing. The scene lasted a short time, but vanished quite away upon the man gathering strength to invoke the protection of Heaven. The house was of course abandoned, and remained ever afterwards shut up."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND MR. RUSH.

In last week's paper we quoted the opinions of the (London) Quarterly Review on Mr. Rush's recent work, and now embrace an opportunity to place in comparison those of its literary rival of North Britain.

"It is not every day that the public has an opportunity of getting inside the doors of an Embassy. Mr. Rush came over to this country as American Envoy at the close of 1817, and resided here about eight years in that capacity. The single year of 1818, however, comprises the whole of the present volume, except a few pages at the beginning and the end. The office is one which seems to have been well bestowed upon him, not less on the public account than his own. While he fought his country's battles as stoutly, if not as craftily, as Mr. Gallatin himself, he saw all that was to be seen in our high places, and, at the same time, never let official ceremonies get into his mind, and cheat him out of the common-sense enjoyments of private life. Without revealing any secrets, he shows us the sort of life ambassadors are leading. We feel satisfied that the low-paid plenipotentiary of a Republic will agree with us, that a profession, which is so abundantly paid in honour and in pleasure, need not press quite so hard in pecuniary figures upon our Civil List.

Mr. Rush appears to have had all his eyes about him while he was among us; and it was his first visit to Europe. As every thing was new to him, many of his descriptions will, of course, be newer upon the other side of the Atlantic than on this. The most familiar incidents, however, may be viewed with pleasure in the company of so good-natured an observer. If we get back for a time into our youth when we go a sight-seeing with children, the first impressions of an intelligent stranger do something more for us. They give society a chance of original views upon subjects habit has rendered worse than commonplace. The case of England and America has been so mismanaged by most preceding writers, that one kind of originality, perhaps the best, has been placed easily within the reach of Mr. Rush. Good sense and good feeling are the first requisites in our respective critics. The discretion which can judge justly, and a predisposition to judge favourably, are, in this instance, worth all the talents in the world. These qualities are eminently characteristic of our author. His journal is the evident fruit of a sensible and virtuous mind,—a mind loving truth, and (what, it is strange, should be a compliment) desirous of being pleased. It is a positive pleasure, after the third and fourth rate offensive folly of which the sensible and humane of both countries have had so much reason to complain, to meet with the forbearance and candour which he displays on all occasions.

We will mention a few examples of the spirit of conciliation with which Mr. Rush continues, as an author, the good offices by which he was distinguished as a minister, and seeks to remove the grounds of family disputes, by bringing us to a friendly understanding of each other. It seems that in 1818 there was a silly drop curtain at Covent Garden, representing the flags of the nations with whom we have been at war, (America among the rest,) in tatters and subjection. Instead of the twenty pages of threatening philippics, which Mr. Cooper would have waved over our heads on such a false and misplaced exhibition, Mr. Rush only taps us reproachfully on the shoulder, kindly observing, that England has fame enough, 'military and of all kinds, without straining in small ways after what does not belong to her.' Literary mischief makers, who, from want of sufficiently distinguishing between real life and novels, have [illegible] savages of their gentlemen in the one, and gentl[illegible] of their savages in the other, have laboured [illegible] persuade their countrymen that their victorio[illegible]

pendence is a barb for ever rankling in our bosoms. On the occasion of meeting at dinner Sir. C. Green, who had been in Burgoyne's army, and had been made prisoner at Saratoga, Mr. Rush alludes to the good humour with which the campaign was talked of. He adds, 'I mention the incident, because, although the first, it was not the only instance in which I met in England those who had shared in the war of the American Revolution, and who spoke of its events in the same spirit. Belonging to an age gone by, it seems no longer to be recalled in any other spirit than that of history.' Writers, who attribute their own temper to others, have so poured out the vials of their wrath on the aristocratical *morgue* of our upper classes, that a citizen of a sensitive republic might imagine he would want a pocket-pistol for his protection in our drawing rooms. On the contrary, Mr. Rush observes, that at our private dinners (he is speaking, at the moment, of the highest circles) 'you remark nothing so much as a certain simplicity, the last attainment of high education and practised intercourse.' When foreign countries were the subject of discussion, he subjoins,—'It was in the spirit of commendation I remark to be so usual.' Cordial wishes towards America, in particular, were everywhere expressed. Mr. Rush was present at a Westminster election, and felt as a friend of liberty ought to feel, when liberty is disgraced by its supporters. He did not, however, generalize on one 'repulsive picture of an English election.' If Mr. Cooper remembers his inference from the statement that Pitt and Fox never met in private, we refer him to Mr. Rush's more extensive observation. 'Their public men exclude politics from private life. You see persons of opposite parties mingling together.' We hope that our American brethren will take the experience and the word of their representative for facts of this description, rather than the stilted and splenetic exaggerations of common informers, who have represented nothing so truly as themselves.

Bigots on both sides the water have agreed on the existence of some peculiar *Americanism* of character, and even language, which disqualifies us from feeling at home, or ever becoming well acquainted. There is no trace of this in Mr. Rush. He examines and judges our marvels and our contrasts—the rich and the poor, the Lord Mayor's and St. James's, with the philosophy and the good humour of a practised European. The Emperor Alexander was not more astonished at our city wealth, at the miles of shops—the true ornament of London,—or at the crowd for ever following crowd along the streets. 'A large proportion of them were of the working classes: yet all were whole in their attire; you could hardly see exceptions.' The year 1818 seems to have been almost a gala year for the Court. The plainness of the White House at Washington, however, had not spoiled his eye for other circles; and he stands among the Ministers of royalist Europe, looking at the thousand equipages, and the heops and feathers, with the admiration of a girl at her first drawing-room. Most people are tender critics of a good dinner. We are not, therefore, at all surprised at the evident satisfaction with which the brilliancy of the service, and of the noble guests, is noticed in the Diary alongside the rather meagre specimens of what was said by them. It should be remembered, however, that the recording pen is more restrained in proportion as the tongue may have been less so; and that a dinner itself does not loose more by being served over again, than its most agreable conversation. Besides, education, aided by the public press, is every day more and more verifying the saying, which distinguished the social charms of the two extremities of London long ago, principally by the fact, that what was talked to wax candles at one end, was talked to tallow candles at the other. The forbearance with which Mr. Rush has restrained his description of London routs to the mere mention of their crowds, and to the difficulty of 'getting to them and from them through phalanxes of carriages,' is, after all, the greatest proof of his politeness. It is not much diminished by a passing notice of 'the pleasant young ladies of eighty-two,' whom he meets there, and of high Law Officers, whose ghosts will some day have to dispute with the aforesaid dowagers the right reading of the line of Pope, and claim a right

'To haunt the places where his Honour died.'

Our love of the country was felt by Mr. Rush to be some counteraction of our artificial habits. It is conveyed through the channels of a hundred out-of-door amusements. Archery meetings and the chase are rather solemnly described as being 'sometimes graced by the competitions of female agility;' while the suspension of even his diplomatic conferences abundantly marked the first of September, our only remaining Saints' day. Strong contrasts of some kind are wanted to save our higher classes from the natural effects of a London season. It is in the multiplied combination of contrasted qualities and pursuits that the strength of our anomalous national character consists.

Mr. Rush confirms, by his own experience, the impossibility which an old member of the diplomatic body had averred to him, of seeing his way clearly through the anomalies of England. The difficulty is one, in proof of which we should quote not only his experience, but, to a certain extent, his example. It is unfortunate, that the most unsatisfactory passages in the volume apply to such important points as the descent of property, and a direct interest in war. In the first case, on one hand, nothing can be got by referring to the present condition of Gavelkind Kent, for evidence on the political economy part of the problem which Primogeniture and Partibility have to solve. On the other, the custom of primogeniture can be scarce said to be at the root of our 'enthusiastic fondness for the country.' The ancient French noblesse had a law of primogeniture and large estates; yet home was not in the provincial chateau, but in the hotel at Paris. We feel a still stronger objection to the statement that England has a direct interest in war. Mr. Rush declares 'the British moralist may be slow to think, that it is during war the riches and power of Britain are most advanced; but it is the law of her insular situation and maritime ascendency. The political economist may strive to reason it down, but facts confound him.'—P. 250. Accidental circumstances peculiar to a single war, and which may never occur again, form far too narrow grounds for so terrible an exception. We shrink from the suspicion that England is lying under a perpetual temptation which would almost justify a crusade to put her down as a nuisance to mankind. The Republican statesman saw further on one subject than our terrified Tory Lords. He was master enough of our practice, to judge truly both of the unlimited freedom of the press, and of the speedy limit which is put on newspaper authority. 'Our definition of libel,' he says, 'is inherently vague,' (how, we ask, can it be otherwise?) 'but perhaps no where has the press so much latitude.' Six months in London satisfied him that it was impossible to write down either the sense or the character of a nation. The supposed journalism of the times is an imputation, indeed, against which the journals themselves have constantly protested. 'Nothing,' says Mr. Rush, 'can be more unfounded than the notion that the newspapers govern the country. There is a power not only in the government, but in the country itself, far above them. It lies in the educated classes.'

The political differences yet left open between England and America are of an embarrassing and critical character. They are, however, none of them of such a nature but that honest negotiation may hope to establish peace on a foundation more honourable and more permanent than our respective fears.—America, it is true, has the raw material of power growing up around her to an almost supernatural extent. The national feelings which broke out on the loss of the Chesapeake, show that her spirit is in advance even of her power. It is not the less for her interest and her honour, that she should not be misled by blustering bullies or theoretical calculators, (of whom every country has some to spare) respecting the nature of the difficulties or discontents of England. The time is still, we believe, far distant, when it would not be a gross mistake on her part to imagine that war is a better instrument than negotiation for the settlement of our political disputes. What says Mr. Rush? 'Let contemporary nations lay it to their account, that England is more powerful now than ever she was, notwithstanding her debt and taxes. This knowledge should form an element in their foreign policy. Let them assure themselves, that instead of declining, she is advancing; that her population increases fast; that she is constantly seeking new fields of enterprize in other parts of the globe, and adding to the improvements that already cover her island at home, new ones that promise to go beyond them in magnitude; in fine, that instead of being worn out, as at a distance is sometimes supposed, she is going a-head with the buoyant spirit and vigorous effort of youth. It is an observation of Madame de Stael, how ill England is understood on the continent, in spite of the little distance that separates her from it. How much more likely that nations, between whom and herself an ocean interposes, should fall into mistakes on the true nature of her power and prospects; should imagine their foundations to be crumbling, instead of steadily striking into more depth, and spreading into wider compass.' Speaking of the sea, and the present character of the English navy, he says, 'England, in her next war, will accomplish more as against Europe upon this element, than at any former period. She will start, instead of ending with her supremacy completely established. The displays of her power will be more immediate, as well as more formidable, than the world has before seen.' This, to be sure, is rather a different account from what was sent over not many years ago by a predecessor, as credulous as Mr. Cooper could desire. The premature alarmist advised his government to cut all connexion with us as decently, but as quickly as possible—for we were inevitably doing down.

Rival interests in England and America are, to a considerable extent, committed upon the novel constructions which American statesmen have, from the day of American independence, been struggling to introduce into the Law of Nations, especially into the colonial and maritime code. Our diplomatic relations at Washington are of far more consequence to us than the whole of our outstanding diplomacy in Europe. Their substance and their temper must materially depend upon the view which the American cabinet takes of the law of nations as a science, and on its practice of it as an art. The attention which the general subject has received, and the prominence given to it, are remarkable, and very characteristic. Literary authorship is not as yet a profession in America. It is a part also of her positive policy to steer clear of the affairs of Europe, and to call in her diplomatic missions within as small a circle as possible. A zeal, therefore on her part, and an indifference on ours, in any important branch of public knowledge, much more in the study of international law, is a fact which could scarcely have been expected. Yet, on our side, there is nothing in English literature and English instruction but a blank; while America possesses a valuable course of lectures on the law of nations, delivered in Columbia College by Ex-Chancellor Kent, as its Law Professor; and also a copious work, published in 1826, on their foreign relations, entitled 'The Diplomacy of the United States.'

An examination of her publications, for the purpose of pointing out the innovations which America is preparing, must stand over for some future day. Meanwhile, with every wish to congratulate humanity on the liberal view taken by the American Government on most of the questions which the law of nations and practical diplomacy embrace, there are some rather peculiar exceptions. Their liberality is usually reduced to very narrow limits on the points where it has been the immediate interest of America to be narrow. The very same argument which has been urged at one moment as conclusive when in their favour, is at the next, slurred over as not worth noticing, where it turns against them. Thus, we find Mr. Rush himself, (at p. 325) insisting, in 1818, that the treaty of 1783 was fundamental and perpetual, for the purpose of preserving American rights. Afterwards, (at p. 338) he as readily assumes it to be temporary, when it is his object to show that the British rights reserved in it, were abrogated by subsequent events. There is something occasionally almost amusing in the mixture of force and of encroachment with which proposed innovations are from time to time announced in the most didactic American discussions. One of her gravest writers (Ex-Chancellor Kent) anticipates, in sundry places, that America will probably some day see the justice and policy of certain rules which she is now disputing. The period which he fixes upon for her illumination (and this is said without being in the least aware of any thing at all unreasonable in it) is the moment that the scale shall chance to turn; and that the rules which are now regarded as so objectionable, shall begin to contribute to her own accommodation and security.

American shrewdness at times leads us to suspect that the importance of a peculiar and special education for most departments of practical politics, (diplomacy among the number.) is overrated in Europe. It is proverbial that the diplomatic corps is no exception to the prejudices and nonsense which form the atmosphere and almost the mist of every regular profession. The spirit of a conventional body would not have improved Mr. Rush's private journal; and the public portion of his memoirs is ample proof that America was not allowed to lose any thing from an ignorance of the mysteries of the craft. Intelligence, firmness, and straightforwardness, are a guard which no politic fencing-masters can disarm. Violence and subtlety are the opposite besetting sins of practical diplomacy. Jefferson's temper drove him to draw too soon, with the sword's point, the categorical Roman circle within which the adverse negotiator was to return his answer. Franklin and Gallatin betray more of the faulty characteristics of the Italian school.

The treaty of independence of 1783, and the peace of Ghent of 1814, had left the principal points of difference between England and America as unsettled as ever. Some of them were the subject of a diplomatic conference in 1818. Mr. Rush gives us a summary account of these proceedings. A controversy concerning the fisheries, and concerning the boundary line eastward of the Rocky Mountains, was definitively arranged. The exclusive right to the Columbia River and to the country westward of the mountains; the claim, on the part of America, to navigate the St. Lawrence to its mouth, and to carry on an unrestricted trade between the United States and our West Indian Colonies;—these, together with every single point in dispute between belligerents and neutrals, were brought to no more satisfactory conclusion, than that of being hushed up for the moment. America evidently considers that temporary adjustments are, in many instances, her wisest game. She expects to become, on every successive settling day, better able to look to higher terms. In this sense, with regard to territorial pretensions, Mr. Rush significantly observes, that Time is for the United States the best negotiator. This, in 1801, was Jefferson's doctrine on the whole range of maritime law. It is the true American faith. 'If we can delay' (writes that most intemperate of statesmen) 'but for a few years the necessity of vindicating the laws of nature on the ocean, we shall be the more sure of doing it with effect. The day is within my time, as well as yours, when we may say by what laws other nations shall treat us on the sea, and we will say it.' It is true, the prophet of Monticello widely and wildly miscalculated his political dates. Our shame, however, will not be less, if the contemplated contingency ever should arrive. Is it possible that two great and kindred nations have not sufficient sense and virtue to agree upon some other means for the settlement of moral and political questions of this description, than the accident and application of brutal force? Among the questions which stand at present—deliberately set aside for the arbitrament of blood—the main difficulty in the one which is by far the most urgent of them all, proceeds on the acknowledged fact, that an English and an American sailor are so alike, that there is no knowing them from each other. What are we to think of human nature—what of the barbarity of those who hold in their iron hands the happiness of nations,—if that simple statement does not bring the statesmen of both countries, at once and instantly, to terms of compromise and peace!"

SCOTTISH PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPERS.

The following extracts will complete the view of the newspaper press of Scotland, touched on in several former numbers.

"In Dundee there are now three papers, the 'Advertiser,' the 'Constitutional,' and the 'Chronicle.' The first has been established more than a quarter of a century. Its politics are out-and-out liberal. It was for a long while under the conduct of Mr. Rintoul, editor of the London 'Spectator.' Mr. Gellatly is the present editor. It is conducted with talent as well as spirit. It has been of great service to Dundee, by its fearless exposure of local abuses. In respect of circulation, it is next among the provincial papers of Scotland, to the 'Aberdeen Journal' and 'Dumfries Courier.' It is well advertised. Of late it has been enlarged, and is now among the largest newspapers in Scotland. It is a very profitable concern.—The 'Constitutional' is, as the name imports, a Conservative journal. It is a continuation of the 'Courier,' under another name; the latter paper having ceased to exist some months ago, after lingering on for some years with a circulation of only two hundred and fifty. It was the property of some persons interested in the perpetuation of municipal abuses, and must have been carried on at a considerable yearly loss. The 'Constitutional,' from the few specimens we have seen, is very respectably conducted.—The 'Chronicle' started into existence in the end of last year. It is well printed, and conducted with spirit. Its politics are Ultra-Radical. Indeed, it avowedly took 'Tait's Magazine as its model in this respect. Little can yet be known of its chances of eventual success.

Though Montrose had, for a long time, two papers, it has for the last few years had only one. Its title is the 'Review.' It is the property of Mr. Mitchell, who also conducts it. It has been very variable in its politics. A good number of years ago, when Mr. Hume was member for that district of burghs, its opinions appeared to be substantially the same as his. It differed with him from causes with which we are unacquainted, and seemed for some years afterwards to be quite a Tory journal. Now again, it has veered round to liberal principles. It is a journal of more than twenty years standing. Its circulation is fair, and it is respectably advertised.

In Aberdeen there are three newspapers—the 'Journal,' the 'Observer,' and 'Herald.' The 'Journal' is the oldest provincial paper in Scotland, having been established in 1745, the memorable year of the rebellion. At that time its size was quite diminutive. It has been repeatedly enlarged of late, and now certainly contains more matter than any journal in Scotland. It contains at least twelve times as much as it did when it first appeared—a fact which proves the vast improvement which has taken place since then in newspaper property. For a long time the 'Journal' made no pretensions to original matter but trusted to its advertisements and extracts from other papers for its success. Of late years, however, it has undergone a marked change in this respect. It now often contains much valuable and varied original matter. Mr. David Chalmers, principal proprietor, is also editor, assisted by Mr. William Anderson, a young man of refined taste, and author of a small volume of poems, which has been well received, entitled, 'Poetic Aspirations.' The Journal—and in this respect it is singular among the provincial press of Scotland—is printed by steam. In point of 'getting up,' as it is called, we have scarcely ever seen it equalled, certainly never surpassed, by any newspaper in Great Britain. It is beyond all comparison the best paying newspaper property, (with the single exception of the 'Edinburgh Courant,' a thrice-a-week paper,) in Scotland. Its circulation considerably exceeds 2,000, and it has at least three, if not four advertisements for every one of any other provincial paper on the other side of the Tweed. Its politics are rather of a Conservative complexion; but its articles are invariably written with much gentlemanly feeling and good temper.

The 'Observer' started in March, 1829. It first identified itself with liberal opinions; but went over—some two years since—to the Tory side; since which time it has been most violent in support of all state abuses, however glaring. It does not want cleverness in some of its articles, but these have been considered, in several instances, as going beyond the bounds of fair discussion, and degenerating into personality. It is beautifully printed. Its circulation is but limited, and it is not well advertised. Messrs. Spark and Duncan, the first a bookseller, and the other a grocer, in Aberdeen, are understood to be the proprietors and editors. There was a third person who had a share in it, but finding it to be the reverse of profitable, he withdrew from the concern.

The 'Herald' has not been much more than six months in existence. It arose from the ashes of the 'Chronicle,' the property of Mr. John Booth, Jun., who also conducted it. The proprietary of the 'Herald' is very extensive, the shares having been made so low as 2*l.* 10*s.* each. The proprietors purchased the copyright of the 'Chronicle,' together with all the printing materials, giving, we believe, somewhere about 2000*l.* for the whole. Mr. Booth is a proprietor to a considerable extent, in the new concern. Sir Michael Bruce, the unsuccessful candidate for Aberdeenshire, and Mr. Bannerman, the successful candidate for the city, are also both extensive shareholders; and the politics of the paper, which are those of liberal Whiggism, are understood to be much under their influence. Mr. Powers, formerly connected with the 'Farmer's Journal,' a London paper, now incorporated with 'Bell's Weekly Messenger,' is editor. His salary is 200*l.* a year, with an expressed understanding that in the event of the paper attaining a certain circulation, it shall be increased to 250*l.* The circulation of the 'Herald' is upwards of 1000, and it has a fair share of advertisements.

In Elgin there is only one newspaper, namely, the 'Courier.' It was started in 1827, and was conducted from its commencement until the beginning of the

present year, by Mr. James Grant, who was also half proprietor. Mr. Grant is known as author of a 'Life of Mary Queen of Scots' and editor of the 'Elgin Literary Magazine,' of the 'Elgin Annual,' &c. The politics of the 'Courier' under his management, were decidedly liberal. The paper then contained more original discussion than any other provincial paper in Scotland, and was certainly as well known in the south, as any of the provincial journals north of the Tweed. Since he quitted the editorship, the 'Courier' has scarcely expressed an opinion on any political topic; but instead of articles of its own, is strangely enough filled with the disquisitions of the London journals, in large type, and under the head 'Elgin Courier.' Mr. James Grant is now, we understand, in London, engaged in various literary pursuits.

Next to the 'Elgin Courier,' as regards locality, are the Inverness papers—to wit, the 'Journal' and 'Courier.' The first has been established nearly a quarter of a century. It was started by Messrs. Eittes and Young. They sold the copyright and printing materials, in 1815, for 7,000*l.* to the present proprietor, Mr. Macintosh, of Raigmore. In effecting the purchase, however, Mr. Macintosh omitted to bind down the then proprietors not to start another paper in Inverness. They proposed doing so, and he gave them an additional 1,000*l.* to depart from their intention and to come under an obligation not to put it into effect in future. No sooner had Mr. M. got the 'Journal' into his hands, than he commenced lashing the magistrates of the burgh, and indeed all the official persons connected with the county, right and left. A better specimen of a newspaper flagellator does not exist, and we may add with safety never did exist. The magistrates and other individuals connected with the town and county of Inverness, started the 'Courier,' in a year or two afterwards, merely as a measure of self-defence; for Mr. Macintosh was too intent on chastisement to suffer them to say a word in the 'Journal' in their own vindication. Mr. Johnstone, now of the 'Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle,' was first editor of the 'Courier' at a salary which in one shape or another amounted to 400*l.* a year. Mrs. Johnstone, authoress of the celebrated book on cookery, under the assumed name of 'Meg Dodds,' and likewise authoress of 'Elizabeth de Bruce,' and several other popular works of fiction, often assisted her husband, in the conduct of the 'Courier.' Mr. Johnstone continued to edit the 'Courier' for some years, when the proprietors finding it to be a losing concern, determined to reduce the expenditure. Mr. M'Kay succeeded Mr. Johnstone as editor, at a salary of about 100*l.* per annum. The paper being now conducted with less talent than before, the property became more and more depreciated. Mr. M'Kay, in 1828, suddenly quitted the 'Courier,' and was succeeded by Mr. Robert Carruthers, formerly of Huntingdon, at a fixed salary of 120*l.* per annum, with a certain percentage on what is technically called 'jobbing,' making his situation in all worth from 150*l.* to 160*l.* a year. The proprietors of the 'Courier,' who were originally sixteen in number, were now reduced to three, namely, Messrs. Ferguson, Riach, and Sutor. In July, 1831, they resolved on disposing of the copyright, which was bought by Mr. Carruthers, together with the printing materials. The former was sold for 500*l.*, the latter were given over at valuation. The 'Courier,' under Mr. Carruther's management, has risen in circulation. The selections are made with much good judgment; it has a great quantity of local matter, which is very tastefully and pleasantly written, and the whole paper, in a word, is one of the most readable of the provincial journals. Its politics are liberal, without being violent. Its circulation is good, and it is well advertised. From the moment of its appearance until now, the 'Journal' has been most exemplary in keeping it before the public, by means of attacks of 'all sorts and sizes.' Perhaps it is not the least curious feature in the 'Journal's' mode of warfare, that in proportion to the violence of the attack, is the warmth of the previous protestations of affectionate regard. For example, the expression, 'Our brother,' is never applied to the 'Courier' by the 'Journal,' except when it is intended to follow it up by a tremendous broadside—a strange way, without controversy, for the 'Journal' to show its fraternal affection. Well does the 'Courier' know when it meets with the phrase, 'Our brother,' in its contemporary, that the words are of fearful augury. The 'Journal' has a good circulation, and is also well advertised. What its politics are nobody knows, and so long as it is under its present proprietorship, we will answer for it nobody ever will. Mr. James Fraser assisted Mr. Macintosh for many years as editor of the 'Journal,' but he having died about four years ago, his place has been since then filled by Mr. David Stalker, an intelligent and excellent young man, and a solicitor in Inverness.

Of late years several newspapers have been started, and some of them discontinued, in the provinces of Scotland. In 1828, one appeared in Montrose, under the title of the 'Angus and Mearns Telegraph.' It was fairly conducted, but never attained to any circulation worthy the name, and its advertisements did not exceed four on an average. It lingered on until the 30th number, when it was given up.

In 1830, though the population is only 5,000, another paper was attempted in Elgin, under the title of the 'Elgin and Forres Journal.' The capital was subscribed in a number of small shares. It was quite Conservative in its principles—but never took. It continued for eight months, and was then abandoned. In the same year an effort was made to establish a journal in Kilmarnoch, under the title of the 'Kilmarnoch Chronicle.' It was persevered in for about a year, and then given up. The same parties made a second attempt of the same kind last year, and under the same title; but with, if possible, still less success. The paper did not exist many months. It is now, we understand, in contemplation to make an effort to establish a paper in that town, by means of an extended proprietary. It remains to be seen, if the plan be carried into effect, whether it will succeed.

About this time last year an official table was published by order of parliament, professing to give an accurate statement of the circulation and number of advertisements published by the different journals in Scotland. A more incorrect document never appeared. The 'Aberdeen Chronicle' was omitted altogether, although it continued to be published for a long time after. The 'Elgin Courier' had its circulation underrated by one-third, as appeared by a letter addressed at the time by Mr. James Grant, the editor, to the editor of the 'Scotsman,'—the table in question having first appeared in that paper. The 'Inverness Journal's' circulation was also underrated by several hundreds; while the 'Scots Times,' whose circulation exceeds six hundred, was represented as having a circulation of about fifty. The amount of the circulation of other papers, again, was greatly overrated.

Taking the Scotch provincial papers together, their average circulation is between six and seven hundred; and their advertisements may probably be from forty to fifty. It will appear singular to the English reader, how they can be made to pay with so comparatively limited a circulation, and with so moderate an amount of advertising. The secret of the thing lies in the economy with which they are conducted. The salaries of the editors is much less than in England, varying from 100*l.* to 200*l.* a year; but certainly in the great majority of cases, much nearer the former than the latter. In a great many cases, the individuals who are the proprietors conduct their own papers. Then there are no sub-editors, reporters, &c. on the provincial papers of Scotland. It is expected that the editor unite in his person the duties of all these. Again, there is a considerable saving in the wages to printers. In very few cases does a compositor's wages exceed one guinea per week; in most instances, they are considerably under that sum. The same economy is extended to the salaries of clerks, and all others in any way concerned with the papers.

The provincial press of Scotland is almost without exception in the hands of respectable persons. It is, on the whole, conducted with talent. It politics are, on the main, of a Whiggish complexion; there being only four journals of decidedly Tory views, and about the same number espousing Radical opinions.

The newspaper press of Scotland has undergone a marked change for the better during the last twenty years. Previous to that time, there was scarcely a journal in Scotland that made even an attempt at original discussion. Newspapers then were altogether paste and scissors affairs. Of course, they exercised little or no influence on public opinion. It is far otherwise now. In the Edinburgh and Glasgow journals, and even in several of those in the more remote provinces, there appear, week after week, disquisitions on passing topics of public interest, which, for the comprehensiveness of their views, the cogency of their reasoning, and the force and eloquence of their language, are neways inferior to the leading articles of several of the daily papers of London. It necessarily follows, that the journals in question exert a corresponding influence on the public mind; and that influence, we are happy to say, has generally for its object the propagation of rational views in politics, always the establishment of sound notions in morals. The newspaper press of Scotland is, in one word, equally creditable to the head and heart—to the intelligence and morality of the people."

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 26th, Mr. Samuel P. Brady, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Mr. Elias Nexon, of this city.

On the 27th, Mr. Albert A. Downing, to Miss Nancy St. John.

On the 27th, Alexander M. Gunn, M.D., to Miss Amelia, youngest daughter of Garrit Gilbert, Esq.

On the 27th, Mr. Isaac Lewis, jr., merchant, to Miss Cornelia M., daughter of James Donaldson, Esq.

On the 29th, Mr. John Gildersleeve, to Miss Emeline, daughter of Mr. Daniel Kelsey.

On the 30th, Mr. George H. Kissam, to Miss Mary A. Cordray.

On the 30th, Mr. Peter Sturges, of Fairfield, Ct., to Miss Caroline Vredenburgh, of this city.

On the 31st, Mr. Louis A. Godey, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maria C. A., daughter of Mr. W. Duke, of this city.

On the 1st, Mr. Amos Wilcox, of New Jersey, to Miss Eliza L. Naile, of this city.

On the 2d, Mr. George A. Jarvis, to Miss Catherine A. daughter of Samuel Jarvis, Esq.

At Boston, on the 26th, Mr. Wm. J. Adams, of this city, to Miss Deborah F. Chickering.

At Buttermilk Falls, on the 27th, Mr. Henry Holden, of this city, to Miss Helen Buckingham, of the former place.

At Norwich, Ct., on the 29th, Mr. R. N. Havens, of Pittsburgh, to Miss Elizabeth S., daughter of J. Dwight, Esq., of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 26th, Miss Ann Maria, doughter of the late Mr. John H. Williams, formerly of New Brunswick, N.J., aged 35 years.

On the 26th, Mr. Bernard Sloan.

On the 26th, Mr. Wm. Green, of the firm of J. & W. Green, of Baltimore.

On the 26th, Mr. Abraham V. D. Fountain, aged 48.

On the 27th, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. A. H. Kimmel.

On the 27th, Miss Judith Delancy, aged 28.

On the 28th, Mrs. Catherine, wife of Mr. G. R. Crary.

On the 28th, Mr. Charles Wilkes, aged 69.

On the 29th, Mr. Wm. C. Bache, aged 22.

On the 30th, Mrs. Bridget Cavanagh, aged 48.

On the 30th, Mr. John Repose, aged 65.

On the 30th, Mrs. Alice, widow of the late G. Dickinson, Esq.

On the 1st inst., at Webb's Congress Hall, Mr. Frederick A. Hall, of Boston, aged 24. He was about to embark for India.

On the 1st, Mrs. Ann B., wife of Mr. William Marsh, aged 31.

At Newburyport, Mass., on the 29th, Daniel Foster, Esq., Naval Officer of the Port, aged 71.

At Springfield, Mass., on the 26th, Colonel Lee, superintendent of the U.S. Armoury.

At Brooklyn, L.I., on the 26th, Mrs. Elizabeth A., wife of Mr. Cyrus Udall, and daughter of the late Lieut. C. L. Springer, of the U.S. Navy.

At Westchester county, on the 23d, Mr. B. Dyckman, aged 81—a revolutionary soldier.

At Honington, Suffolk, on the 30th July, aged 63, Mrs. *Elizabeth Bloomfield*, widow of Isaac Wm. Bloomfield. She had resided for upwards of 40 years in the cottage wherein the author of "The Farmer's Boy" was born, and has left six sons and two daughters, but there are none of the family now living in the village.

In Liverpool, on the 31st July, after an illness of only six hours, Mr. John McDowall, a partner of the house of Andrew McDowall & Co. of Charleston, S.C. Mr. M'D. had taken passage to sail next day in the ship South America, for this port. He was accompanied to Liverpool by Dr. Porter, a relative. Mr. McDowall was taken sick at 3 o'clock in the morning, and died at 9. Dr. Porter was taken ill the same day, and died the following morning. It is thought they had partaken too freely of fruit the day previous.

DEATHS.—The London papers mention the decease of *Wm. Wilberforce*, Esq. This melancholy event took place on Sunday night, the 28th of July, at the house of Mr. Smith, in Cadogan Place. It is understood that Mr. Wilberforce has directed in his will that his funeral should be conducted without the smallest pomp, and that his body should be interred in the family vault of his brother-in-law, in the church-yard of Stoke Newington. Mr. W. was in the 74th year of his age.

On the day of his death, Mr. Buxton, having occasion in the course of the discussion of the slavery bill in the House of Commons, to refer to his opinion, this contained:—

"He could not name him now without feelings of emotion—he meant Mr. Wilberforce: he bore a high testimony to the character of that gentleman, and regretted that he had not lived to see the cause he had so long and so ably advocated,' carried into full execution. To no man were the words of the poet more applicable,—

'A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce;
Could draw from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,
His rich materials; and regale the ear
With strains it was a luxury to hear.'"

RANDOLL'S HOTEL,
636 *Broadway, (corner of Bleecker st.) New York.*

DR. ROSSETER, *Dentist.*—The Subscriber having retired for the present from his profession as Dentist, his apartments, No. 69 Chambers-street, will be occupied by Mr. JOHN BURDELL, who will continue the practice of the profession.

From the reputation of Mr. Burdell, as a Dentist, and the satisfaction he has given to some of the most respectable families, as well as from my own knowledge of his professional abilities, I do not hesitate in confidently recommending him to my patrons and friends.

aug 15—w 3w D. ROSSETER.

HOUSE WANTED.—A small Genteel Family wish to *Rent a neat two-story Dwelling-House*, in one of the cross streets leading out of Broadway. A lease will be taken, if a desirable situation. Rent must be reasonable.

Address "H." box No. 559, Post-office.—Aug. 24.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, *Albany, Aug. 10th, 1833.*

SIR,—I hereby give you notice, that at the next General Election in this State, to be held on the 4th, 5th, and 6th days of November next, a SENATOR is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in the place of Alpheus Sherman, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said Election, the following proposed Amendments to the Constitution of this State, will be submitted to the people—viz.:

1. For electing the Mayor of the City of New York, by the electors thereof.

2. For authorizing the Legislature to reduce the duties on salt. JOHN A. DIX, *Secretary of State.*

[*To the Sheriff of the City and County of N. York.*]

N.B.—The Inspectors of Elections in the several Wards in your County, will give notice of the Election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in County Offices which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State. J. WESTERVELT,

Sheriff of the City and County of N. York.

Sheriff's Office, Aug. 16th, 1833.

☞ All the Newspapers in the County will publish the above once a week until the election, and send their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office. A.22

HUDSON & NEW YORK
STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE.

THE Hudson Tow-Boat Co's Barge No. 1, (Capt. P. G. Coffin) and Barge No. 2, (Capt. J. T. Haviland) will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season on the following days:—

FROM HUDSON—Fridays, at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

FROM NEW YORK—Saturdays, at 5 P.M., from the foot of Liberty street, North River (between Cortlandt st. and Albany Basin.)

To be towed by the steamboat *Legislator*, Capt. J. B. Coffin—for Freight and Passengers.

The "Legislator" will make one trip in each week without her barge, for light Freight and Passengers—viz. from Hudson, Tuesdays, at 4 o'clock P.M.; and from New York, Wednesdays, at 5 P.M.

*** Towing will be taken by the "Legislator," if required.

☞ The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of BOARDERS in New York, as heretofore.

April, 1833. JOHN POWER, Agent.

SLATE ROOFS
AND
SMOKY CHIMNIES
WARRANTED TO BE MADE TO DRAW, *No Cure, no Pay.*—Also, SLATE ROOFS Repaired and warranted Tight.—Orders will be promptly attended to on application to
ca1 THOS. SHERIDAN, Slater, 203 William st.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, *Surgeon Dentist*, No. 21 Warren st. (near Broadway) has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, in imitation of Human Teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary Operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his *patent Perpendicular Tooth Extractor*, highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose Certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental Operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following:—Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr., M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D.—June 6. s16m

NEW MUSIC.

THE Orphan's Prayer, with beautiful vignette title page; Bounteous Lady, thus lowly bending, do do; She bloom'd in beauty's pride, from Massaniello; Can I again that look recall, from Elisa e Claudio; Fashion and Nature, the poetry by J H Bayly, Esq.; My Alpine Home, written by C. Jefferys, Esq.; Maid of Beulah Spa, a Ballad; My heart with love o'erflowing, air with variations; Our happy Home, a duet; Sleep gentle Lady, as sung at 'The Glee'; Tear Drop, an air by Beethoven; Grand Scena and Rondo, from Il Pirata; L'Allemande, a favorite Waltz; Surrender Waltz, as performed at the Park Theatre; La Romanesque, a waltz for the Piano Forte; Tu Vedrai La Sonnambula, from Il Pirata, arranged for the Flute, with accompaniments for the Piano, just published, and for sale by

J. DISTURNELL, No. 155 Broadway,
mar 9 between Cortlandt and Liberty sts

DR. F. FRANCIS,
DENTIST,
95 *CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.*

NOTICE.

TO discharge from Debt, pursuant to the Revised Statutes, part second, Chap. V. Title 1, Art. 3; relating to voluntary assignments, made pursuant to the application of an Insolvent and his Creditors.

James Hay, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstroem, and also as one of the late firm of Hay & Henderson, of the City of New York, notice first publishe 29th June, Creditors to appe before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Charles Loewenstroem, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstroem, of the City of New York, notice first published 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. [June 29 c10t

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND
DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,
WHO DESIRE A
NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,
IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF
FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.
From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of
170 KINDS.
Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.
LOOK FOR
BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,
71 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

WM. W. POTTER'S *Vegetable Catholicon.*—The astonishing success of this Medicine, and its warm recommendation by physicians of the first eminence in the country, render an advertisement of its effects almost unnecessary. Upwards of two hundred letters from different quarters of the world have been received, stating wonderful cases of Cures in the worst and most terrible diseases to which humanity is subject.

The Catholicon has, in truth, eradicated in almost numberless cases, diseases which have resisted other remedies and the utmost efforts of medical skill and learning.

This Medicine is so entirely innocent, notwithstanding its great remedial qualities, that the tender infant, the delicate lady, and the man whose frame is diseased or weakened by dissipated habits, may take it, not only with safety, but with confidence of success. Its taste, unlike that of common medicines, is agreeable and pleasant; and, so far from its interfering with business, vigour is imparted to the whole system. There is no necessity for abstaining from solid food in the most inflammatory diseases; on the contrary, a generous diet and good living are recommended.

Besides many complaints not here enumerated, the Catholicon is a sovereign remedy, a specific CURE, in the following mentioned cases:—Diseases of the Liver; Ulcerated Sore Throat; Debility, resulting from dissipation or intemperance; Scrofula, or King's Evil; Pains in the Bones; Rheumatism; Dyspepsia, or Indigestion; Diseases of the Lungs; Syphilis, in all its stages; Blotches on the Face and Skin; White Swelling of the Joints; Tetter; Mercurial Diseases of every kind—&c.

☞ Particular Directions accompany each bottle.

WM. W. POTTER.

The above just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, by the Agents for New York,

L. S. COMSTOCK & Co., Druggists,
No. 20 Fulton st. (near Holt's Hotel) and corner of Division & Chrystie sts., N. York;
and 36 North Fifth st., Philad'a.